PITY AND TERROR

Picasso's Path to *Guernica*

MUSEO NACIONAL CENTRO DE ARTE REINA SOFIA

Dora Maar (Henriette Theodora Markovitch),
Picasso in the Grands-Augustins studio working
on *Guernica*, 1937

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The news of the bombardment of the Basque town of Guernica by German planes during the Spanish Civil War was the inspiration that set Picasso to work on *Guernica*, the picture that transcended the specific historical moment to which it refers to become the great icon of the twentieth century.

To commemorate the eightieth anniversary of the work's creation and the twenty-fifth anniversary of its arrival to the Museo Reina Sofía, *Pity and Terror: Picasso's Path to* Guernica, a new exhibition of more than 170 pieces by the Málaga-born painter, has been organized with works from both the museum's own collection and from other institutions. Following retrospectives in which *Guernica* was exhibited in relation to its historic context and in direct dialogue with other works from the history of painting, a broad overview is now offered of the conditions that made the work possible through the work produced by Picasso in the course of the previous decade. This archaeology of the work shows a wide variety of tones and themes in those preceding years, when Picasso was striving to find a "new vision of the world" with which to overcome or comprehend two crises, one personal and artistic, and the other sociopolitical. The painter set out to do what modern art, according to Carl Einstein, was destined to do: dismantle the categories that make up our "common sense" picture of reality that are most intimately linked to self-consciousness and the recognition of the "Otherness" of the world. For Michel Leiris, in contrast, Picasso's painting in the 1930s responds to an unflinching realism whose insistence on materiality and the strangeness of bodily existence generates monstrous figures that "[allow] us to insert ourselves more humanly into nature, to become more concrete, more dense, more alive." The search for an understanding of the beautiful and the monstrous as an inseparable whole, together with a view of attraction and menace as two sides of a single entity, define Picasso's painting before *Guernica*.

Guernica was the painting that Picasso chose to exhibit at the Spanish Pavilion of the 1937 Paris International Exposition of Art and Technology in Modern Life. From that year on, the canvas motivated political discussion around the world. Critics close to Stalinism reproached the painter for the pessimism of a work that did not fall within the category of popular art, while other voices on the left denied its demoralizing qualities by appealing to a complexity that propaganda-minded critics were far from being able to understand.

Differences of opinion in the artistic realm have also given rise to controversies. Some regard it as a formal failure, while others see it as a key work in the history of art. This exhibition, however, sustains that *Guernica* surpasses critical opinions and circumstantial considerations owing to the force of the representational content with which it illuminates a specific event and makes it so transcendent as to become universal.

To coincide with the anniversary of *Guernica*, the Museo Reina Sofía is publishing two books in 2017 that are the result of research carried out by the Collections Department. The first is the current volume, *Pity and Terror: Picasso's Path to* Guernica, while the second will examine *Guernica*'s travels. Alongside the exhibition and these publications, a section entitled site *Guernica* is being prepared for the museum's website that will bring together a broad selection of textual and graphic material related to the painting's history. In addition, a lecture series will explore subjects such as the end of the nineteenth-century bourgeois space, the mutilated body, and the painting's links with the activisms of the 1960s. Two dance performances will also be held: the Martha Graham Dance Company will present *Deep Song*, a piece composed in reaction to the violence of the Spanish Civil War; and Kukai Dantza's *Gernika-Guernica*, a dance that will recreate the flames that engulfed the town in 1937.

We wish to express our gratitude for the works on loan to the exhibition made available by the Musée national Picasso-Paris, as well as Tate Modern in London, Centre Pompidou, the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Fondation Beyeler and the Kunstmuseum Basel, the Van Abbemuseum Collection in Eindhoven, and the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, and from private collections such as the Nahmad Collection and the Emmanuel and Riane Gruss Collection. We would also like to express our gratitude for the generous collaboration of Acción Cultural Española and the regional authorities of Madrid, and to the Fundación "la Caixa" for its support of research into the history of a picture that, as Herbert Read wrote in 1938, is an allegory applicable not only to Spain but also to all of Europe and to the modern age.

Ministry of Education, Culture and Sport

Dora Maar (Henriette Theodora Markovitch),
Picasso in the Grands-Augustins studio working
on *Guernica*, 1937

Introduction

Guernica is the great tragic scene of our culture. We have seen the work reproduced on banners, T-shirts, and posters, in parodies, and as graffiti, and on every type of support dedicated to making of the image a voice denouncing state repression or an armed attack on any civilian population. The absence of specific allusions, the protagonism of anonymous victims, and the expressive power of its forms have made it the highest moral condemnation of the terror of modern warfare. *Guernica* is the great tragic scene of our time because it represents the horror when confronted with industrial death, a mass death that destroys not only life but also human identity. The large format of the work, together with the way it is displayed at the Museo Reina Sofía alongside an exhibit on the Republican Pavilion, allows collective contemplation of this collective death to open a space for a common awareness of identity. Despite its unremitting pain, the image is a salutary lesson. *Guernica* is, fundamentally, a defense of humanism.

Ever since the unveiling of the canvas at the 1937 International Exposition in Paris, there has been a long succession of debates on the formal value and transcendence of its signifiers. Among the polemics it has aroused in its eighty years of existence, a particularly eloquent example is found in the exchange in the pages of *The Spectator* among the critics Anthony Blunt, Roland Penrose, and Herbert Read with respect to its political and propaganda qualities. More recently, T. J. Clark has challenged the formalist view of Michael Fried, a student of Clement Greenberg, who regards *Guernica* as a work that fails in its formal approach but succeeds brilliantly in its expressive vigor. Fried sees modern painting as a valiant continuation of nineteenth-century assumptions that evolves independent of sociopolitical considerations, and he therefore grants no recognition to allegorical works that posit a dialectic in representational terms, as *Guernica* does. In Clark's opinion, on the other hand, modern art is essentially negative. It is founded on a constant challenge against artistic precedents and social conventions. It seeks to represent the world and to change it at the same time. Picasso's painting was to be the chief exponent of this history of art.

A quick look at Picasso's digital catalogue raisonné (the On-Line Picasso Project) shows the creative exuberance of an artist with an almost limitless ability to come up with new creative proposals and work on several paintings in a single session. Eighteen months

before painting *Guernica*, however, Picasso entered a phase in which he suffered from doubts and even, to a certain extent, artist's block. He hardly produced any great works during that period, by contrast with the vitality of other moments in his career. One has the impression that the artist from Málaga was trying to produce a work that would bring together the various paths he had embarked on in the mid-1920s, when he had tried to use painting to express the abstract violence of modern society, difficult to represent in itself and apparently remote from the artistic languages he had employed until then. As Surrealism had burst with great force onto the artistic scene, showing the world of the unconscious, of impossible spaces and disfigured bodies, and of the inapprehensible that escapes us, Fascism had thrust itself onto the political scene with its promise of a new and profoundly hostile world. To be able to inhabit this world, Picasso embarked in the mid-1920s on a search conducted through his painting, opening up the spaces in his pictures while submerging objects in a theatrical light. The figurations responded to what Carl Einstein called creatures identical to the subject but outside it, absent of all metaphor and unknowable, situating these works between solipsism and the loss of self. Beauty and monstrosity, understood as a single whole, became the thematic backbone of this phase prior to *Guernica*, a symptom both of the painter's own artistic and personal difficulties, and of the crystallization of the dismal political prospects that deteriorated through the impending international economic crisis and that would culminate in the horrors of World War II. The exhibition *Pity and Terror: Picasso's Path to* Guernica proposes a poetic genealogy for this work. At the center is the painting, around which are orbiting Picasso's earlier and later works. *Guernica* is thus materially and conceptually confronted with its past and its future, and gives us precise tools with which to analyze the transitions in the artist's life and art.

Domesticity and love are sources of bliss and anxiety at the same time. From this perspective, the Picasso preceding *Guernica* becomes much richer and more complex, since we are witnessing a conversion in which it is not well-being but the constant menace lurking within it, the monstrous, that is going to be transmuted in the picture into tragedy. In fact, and following Anne M. Wagner´s research, revolution is not what the painting's stark pantomime depicts. Instead it conjures the explosive clash of life and death in a

frozen tableau. In Guernica, human reproduction is exposed to mortal threat. Birth and pregnancy, maternity and infancy, are among his mural's crucial themes. Wagner analyzes how children mourned by mothers made monstrous by their loss.

The house, the enclosed space—or, as T. J. Clark has it, the room-space—is the place from which the artist sees the world (not through it, but *in it*), and that space will become the driving force for these divergent sentiments. In a conversation with the painter Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler on the subject of ghosts, Picasso remarked, "I think that everything is unknown, everything's the enemy! Everything! Not just some things!—women, babies, animals, tobacco, games... Everything!" This quotation illustrates the menacing drive felt by the painter, one which comes coupled with desire. The house, the room, which he inhabits and wants to inhabit, which he enjoys, is also that which he fears. Woman, domesticity made flesh, generates an attraction and a menace that are equally inextricable, but monstrosity seems to come much more to the fore in her representation. It appears that her humanity leaves Picasso (and us) much closer to an answer to the contradiction she contains. This never crystallizes, never ceases to be ineffable, but the perception of its imminence aggrandizes the monster and the power it holds. The monstrosity of woman, according to Clark, is a form of construction full of massiveness and equilibrium. When a male viewer appears in one of these pictures, he does not appear to feel terror at the monster but a sort of continuing inquisitive interest.

These aspects are enormously important for understanding how and why *Guernica* gestated, bearing in mind, moreover, that what we see in it, basically in its spatial dimension, is a room (walls, floor) being destroyed. The room is the world, illuminated and blackened by Truth, the rotten sun of Bataille, where a lightbulb, an eye, and a star fail to light up the dove, dead and black between the dying horse and the bull. It would be simpler to analyze this painting on horror if what the horror is annihilating were not magnetically bound in Picasso's complex vision to another, earlier type of horror. The pictures that support and precede *Guernica* help us understand how this conversion of the monstrous into the tragic was wrought, where the first is a complex and ambivalent sketch of desire, or of life, with all its contradictions operating from within, and natural in terms of the sovereignty with which they are deployed, while

the second is an illegitimate external rupture of that sovereignty of intimacy and the ego.

The pyramidal structure of the painting responds to the academic solution governing historical paintings, and the carnality emanating from it initially recalls certain works by Delacroix or Rubens. However, there are two fundamental elements of tradition to which Picasso alludes in developing an artwork that falls otherwise within the praxis of the previous years, characterized by late Cubist figurative dissociation and Surrealist heterodoxy. On the one hand, the combination of the ephemeral with drama and allegory links the work with the Baroque tradition. On the other, the chosen viewpoint, with the civilian victims as protagonists and the denunciation of the dehumanization of war, points us directly at Goya.

The picture, apparently unintelligible and berated by many for that reason, is an interior and an exterior at the same time, peopled with figures who overflow the image yet somehow remain petrified in the moment by the bomb blasts. The spatial uncertainty is part of the artist's discovery: the destruction of the bombs creates a non-place. Objects saturate the scene, and the spatial complexity that already existed in Picasso when he tackled a static space is now joined by the chaos of the detonation. Everything is decontextualized and acquires significance, or its significance acquires relief and is emphasized, in occupying another space. Walter Benjamin took a great interest in objects when he started to interpret modernity by scrutinizing the trail of refuse it left in its wake. In talking of this picture, perhaps we might recall Hito Steyerl's words on the German thinker: "Modest and even abject objects are hieroglyphs in whose dark prism social relations lay congealed and in fragments."

Guernica is perhaps the first anti-monument in history, and it is probably this that has turned it into the great icon of the twentieth century. Monuments erected to war are centered on the ego, on the figure of a leader whose narcissistic image distances the idea of death and identifies him with the fatherland, that totalizing and fictitious abstraction. Art ceases to be monumental when the epoch ceases to be glorious. Today, the only monument that could be inscribed within the logic of its time would be a negative monument, or as Herbert Read put it, "Not only Guernica, but Spain; not only Spain, but Europe, is symbolized in this allegory. It is the modern Calvary, the agony in the bomb-shattered ruins of human tenderness

and faith." *Guernica* is, then, a monument to death, and to everything that the idea of a monument tries to hide from the public. It is a crude portrait, far from the beauty and identification whose construction it simulates.

Anthony Blunt reproached Picasso for not making a popular work of art, and opting instead for a manifestation of defeatism through the ultimate perfectioning of private art. Among the numerous interpretations that have been generated by the picture's complexity, however, we concur with one that is completely the opposite of this, since it is not biased by the urgent concerns of propaganda, and it views the great icon as a collective scopic drive. From this point of view, *Guernica* becomes a vast mirror in which modern history discovers itself in the full splendor of its defeat. However, what it reflects is not the defeat of the Republicans or the Red Army, as Blunt feared. It is an earlier defeat, more terrible and widespread: that of the project of the Enlightenment, which ends here with *Guernica* as a testimony to its truncated intentions. And it is the Enlightenment itself, personified in the woman who holds the candle toward the center of the picture, that joins the watchful sun in illuminating its own failure. The mythology of the Enlightenment was not populated by gods but by fraternal figures. That fraternity is what dies, perplexed at not knowing how, in Picasso's picture, seeking to understand its death in order to appropriate that final identity stolen by the machine that slices through the sky and is no longer the product of reason but of barbarity. Despite the intensity of the tragedy, the work does not stem from a defeatist vision, as is clear from the place that it has occupied all these years in the collective memory. Equidistant from the disciplines of art, history, and bookbinding, *Guernica* is the back cover of an exhausted epoch. It certifies a wreck that was to be consummated two years later with the start of World War II, but it also raises awareness of the need to see ourselves as a political entity engaged in resistance.

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Picasso and Tragedy

T. J. Clark

> The center of the tragic impression ... is the impression of waste. The pity and fear which are stirred by the tragic story seem to unite with, and even merge in, a profound sense of sadness and mystery.... We seem to have before us a type of the mystery of the whole world ... Everywhere, from the crushed rocks beneath our feet to the soul of man, we see power, intelligence, life and glory, which astound us and seem to call for our worship. And everywhere we see them perishing, devouring one another and destroying themselves, often with dreadful pain, as though they came into being for no other end. Tragedy is the typical form of this mystery, because that greatness of soul which it exhibits, oppressed, conflicting and destroyed, is the highest existence in our view. It forces the mystery upon us.
>
> A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*[1]

There is a moment toward the close of Shakespeare's *King Lear*—many readers and playgoers have found the moment almost unbearable—when the mad king enters, holding his strangled daughter's corpse in his arms. "Lend me a looking glass," the old man says hopelessly, "If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, / Why then she lives." Two of Lear's subjects respond, with questions that go on resonating down the centuries:

> KENT: Is this the promised end?
> EDGAR: Or image of that horror?

[1] A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1904; repr. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1968), 29.

Scholars tell us that Shakespeare's first audience would have understood "the promised end" to mean Doomsday—the end of the world. And "image" to mean exact likeness. Edgar is asking if the scene of madness and murder in front of him is as close a rendering as he will ever be given, before the fact, of the Triumph of Death to come.

These are questions that viewers have often put, perhaps even with Kent's and Edgar's bewildered anguish, to Picasso's *Guernica*; and the evidence suggests that they continue to be asked of the painting, in spite of the world's enormous changes, by those three or four generations who have lived since the mural's unveiling eighty years ago. For some reason—no doubt for many reasons, some of them accidental or external to the work itself—Picasso's painting has become, through those eight decades, an essential, or anyway recurring, point of reference for human beings in fear for their and others' lives. *Guernica* has become our culture's Tragic Scene. And for once the phrase "our culture" seems defensible—not just Western shorthand. There are photographs by the hundreds of versions of *Guernica*—placards on sticks, elaborate facsimiles, tapestries, banners, burlesques, strip cartoons, wheat-paste posters, street puppet shows—being carried in anger or agony over the past thirty years in Ramallah, Oaxaca, Calgary, London, Kurdistan, Madrid, Cape Town, Belfast, Calcutta; outside U.S. air bases, in marches against the Iraq invasion, in struggles of all kinds against state repression, as a rallying point for *los indignados*, and—still, always, everywhere, indispensably—an answer to the lie of "collateral damage."

But why? Why *Guernica*? How does the picture answer to our culture's need for a new epitome of death—and life in the face of it? The questions are not rhetorical: it could, after all, have been otherwise. *Guernica* might have proved a failure, or a worthy but soon forgotten success. It was made by an artist who was well aware, so the record shows, that in taking on the commission he was straying into territory—the public, the political, the large-scale, the heroic and compassionate—that very little in his previous work seemed to have prepared him for. When Josep

An Indian protester with huge prints of *Guernica*, at a silent protest march in Kolkata for the recent violence in Nandigram, November 14, 2007
Refugee support groups in Brighton with a banner based on Picasso's *Guernica*, European March for Refugee Rights, Hyde Park Corner, London, February 27, 2016

Lluís Sert and other delegates of the Spanish Republic came in early 1937 to ask Picasso to do the mural, Picasso told them he was not certain that he could produce a picture of the kind they wanted.[2] And he was right to have doubts. Was there anything in his previous art on which he could draw in order to speak publicly, grandly, to a scene of civil war? It is true that since the mid-1920s his painting had centered on fear and horror as recurrent facts of life. Violence, once he had tackled it head on in *Les trois*

[2] See Herschel B. Chipp, *Picasso's Guernica: History, Transformations, Meanings* (Berkeley et al.: University of California Press, 1988), 17.

danseuses (The Three Dancers) of 1925, became a Picasso preoccupation. So did monstrosity, vengefulness, pitiful or resplendent deformity—life in extremis. But none of these things need have added up to, or even moved in the direction of, a tragic attitude. Treating them did not necessarily prepare an artist to confront the Tragic Scene: the moment in human existence, that is, when death and vulnerability are recognized as such by an individual or a group, but too late; and the plunge into undefended mortality that follows excites not just horror in those who look on, but Pity and Terror—in a mixture that frightens but strengthens.

Tragedy and Monstrosity

Picasso in the ten years preceding *Guernica* had been, to put it baldly, the artist of monstrosity. His paintings had set forth a view of the human as constantly haunted, and maybe defined, by a monstrous, captivating Otherness—most markedly, perhaps, in the Punch and Judy show of sex. "Au fond, il n'y a que l'amour," he said once.[3] This was as close, I reckon, as Picasso ever came to a philosophy of life, and by "love" he certainly meant primarily the sexual kind, the carnal, the whole pantomime of desire. In his art monstrosity was capable of attaining to beauty, or monumentality, or a kind of strange pathos—this is one thing the exhibition hopes to show. But do any of these inflections lead to *Guernica*? Are not the monstrous and the tragic two separate things? To paint *Guernica*, in other words, wasn't Picasso obliged to change key as an artist and sing a tune he'd never before tried; and more than that, positively to suppress in himself the *fascination* with horror that had shaped so much of his previous work? (Horror and sexuality were inseparable in Picasso, and would continue to be so after 1937. And the very word "fascination" speaks to the normality of the intertwining: its Latin root, *fascinus*, means simply

[3] Efstratios Tériade, "En causant avec Picasso," *L'Intransigeant* (June 15, 1932), cited in *Picasso Propos sur l'art*, ed. Marie-Laure Bernadac and Androula Michael (Paris: Gallimard, 1998), 27.

"erect penis.") But isn't *Guernica* great precisely to the extent that it manages, for once, to show us women (and animals) in pain and fear *without* eliciting that stunned, half-repelled, half-attracted "fascination"?

Many have thought so. But the story, I want to argue, is more complicated. I doubt that an artist of Picasso's sort ever raises his or her account of humanity to a higher power simply by purging, or repressing, what had been dangerous or horrible in an earlier vision. There must be a way from monstrosity *to* tragedy. The one must be capable of being folded into the other, lending it aspects of the previous vision's power. This exhibition is above all an invitation to look at this conversion in Picasso's case.

Aristotle, in the first account of tragedy to have come down to us, is already wondering about the difference between tragedy and monstrosity. "Tragedy," he says in a famous passage,

> is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain grandeur [by "action"—his word is *praxis*—he means an activity pursued with a purpose, an attempt to master or understand one's circumstances]; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play ... producing pity and terror in the audience, and thereby cleansing [the word is *katharsis*] the audience of these emotions.[4]

Why the experience of pity and terror in the theater is cathartic Aristotle never explains—he seems to take it as self-evident. Some have doubted Aristotle's confidence, others (like Brecht) have disapproved of the cleansing. Is pity an emotion we want to be purged of? Are we right to call it an "emotion" in the first place? But let me put these questions aside—they take us toward insoluble mysteries—and return to the question of the monstrous. Aristotle knows full well that horror and disproportion are intrinsic to tragedy's

[4] *Aristotle's Poetics*, trans. S. H. Butcher (New York: Hill and Wang, 1961), 61 (translation modified).

appeal. But he makes a distinction between the *appearance* of the dreadful on stage and its *unfolding in an action*—its progress toward a moment of recognition. Tragedy, he admits, is partly a matter of theatrical effect—the circular stage, the dancing and wailing chorus, the backdrop of the "scene." He calls this physicality "spectacle," and he is conscious of its power:

> Pity and terror may be aroused by means of spectacle; but they may also result from the inner structure of the piece, which is the better way ... For the plot ought to be so constructed that, even without the aid of the eye, he who hears the tale will thrill with horror and melt to pity at what is taking place.... To produce this effect by mere spectacle is a less artistic method ... Those who employ the means of spectacle end up creating a sense not of the Terrible but only the Monstrous, and are strangers to the true purpose of tragedy.[5]

The terrible and the monstrous—these do seem repeated terms of Picasso's art from 1925 on. And spectacle as Aristotle understood it—mere vehement captivating appearance, emphatically *with* "the aid of the eye"—is certainly Picasso's god. But again, in *Guernica* didn't the artist find a way to make appearance truly terrible, therefore pitiful and unforgivable—a permanent denunciation of any *praxis*, any set of human reasons, which aims or claims to make *what actually happens* (in war from the air) make sense?

Perhaps. *Guernica*'s users have often thought as much. But again, the question is how.

The Room and the Bomb

Guernica is our culture's Tragic Scene. It might help to treat the two words here—the two concepts involved in the idea of a great downfall becoming visible, comprehensible, even restorative—one

[5] Ibid., 78 (translation modified).

by one. First, "scene," second, "tragic"—that is, first the question of space and containment, and second that of terror and catharsis.

Space first. What marks *Guernica* off from most other murals of its giant size is the fact that it registers so powerfully as a single scene. Certainly it is patched together out of fragments, episodes, spotlit silhouettes. Part of its agony is disconnectedness—the isolation that Terror is meant to enforce. But this disconnectedness is drawn together into a unity: *Guernica* does not unwind like a scroll or fold out like a strip cartoon (for all its nods to both idioms); it is not a procession of separate icons; it is a *picture*—a distinct shape of space—whose coherence is felt immediately by the viewer for all its strangeness.

"Space" is shorthand, I recognize. In the case of *Guernica*, what seems to matter most is the question of where the viewer is standing in the bombed city. Are we inside some kind of room? There are certainly walls, doors, windows, a table in the half-dark, even the dim lines of a ceiling. But doesn't the horse opposite us look to be screaming in a street or courtyard, with a woman with a lamp in her hand pushing her head through a window—a filmy curtain billowing over her forearm—to see what the noise is outside? Can we talk of an "outside" and "inside" at all in *Guernica*? Are the two kinds of space distinct? We seem to be looking up at a room's high corners top left and right, but also, above the woman with the lamp, at the tiles on a roof. There is a door flapping on its hinges at the picture's extreme right edge, but does it lead the way into safety or out to the void? How near to us are the animals and women? If they are close by, as appears likely, looming over us—so many giants—does that proximity "put us in touch" with them? Does proximity mean intimacy? How does the picture's black-white-and-gray monochrome affect our looking? Does it put back distance—detachment—into the scene, however near and enormous individual bodies may seem? Where is the *ground* in *Guernica*? Do we have a leg (or a tiled floor) to stand on? Literally we do—the grid of tiles is one of the last things Picasso put in as the picture came to a finish. But is the tiled floor a ground? Do any of the actors in the scene look

to be supported by it? Does it give *us*, imaginatively, a way to be part of the action?

The reader will have understood that the best answer to almost all of these questions is "I'm not sure." And spatial uncertainty is one key to the picture's power. It is Picasso's way of responding to the new form of war, the new shape of suffering. Uncertainty about the nature of space is, further, a charged matter for him—especially when the space in question is that of a room, a table, walls, windows, a checkerboard floor. For the room is *the form of the world* for Picasso. His art depends on it.[6] *Guernica* puts in question the very structure of Picasso's apprehension.

This brings us back to the moment of Cubism. (It is important that *Guernica* deliberately invokes the ghost of that older style, with its monochrome color and hard-edged geometry. The mural, we might say, intends to show us the Cubist world coming to an end.) The word "Cubist" itself is of very little use: it seizes on a superficial aspect of Picasso's and Braque's reconstruction of seeing—their preference for hard edges and regular solids—and tries to make it the essence of a style. But what drove Cubism forward in 1910–14 was something larger than this: a new feeling for space as we moderns encounter it. And the pattern of feeling was twofold: it admitted and savored as never before in art the strangeness, the fragmentation, of our twentieth-century surroundings; but at the same time it demonstrated (and the style does have the precision and force of a demonstration) an absolute, naive confidence in a certain *frame* for those fragments, a special place in which the new strangeness and volatility could be given their head. That frame was the room. Or putting the matter more guardedly (since the room itself does not necessarily have to be figured in Picasso for its distinct form of spatiality to be invoked), the frame was "room-space."

The world in Cubism—the exhibition's key examples are from 1924 and 1925, when Picasso sums up his view of things in

[6] For further discussion see T. J. Clark, *Picasso and Truth: From Cubism to Guernica* (Princeton and Oxford: Princeton University Press, 2013), 72–109.

Nature morte (Still Life), 1925

a series of monumental still lifes—is laid before us as on a table. Behind the table is very often a wall, a window, the outline of a door, a high corner, paneling, wallpaper, floor tiles, a balcony rail. Having a world at all, for Picasso, seems to be premised on firm containment. Art is enclosure. Being is being *in*. The artist was right to say later to a friend that landscapes for him were foreign territory: "I never saw any … I've always lived inside myself. I have such interior landscapes that nature could never offer me ones as beautiful."[7] The world in Picasso, putting it less grandly (though the Museo Reina Sofía's *Instruments de musique sur une table* [Musical Instruments on a Table] in the show does seem to be describing things grandly, almost cosmologically), is usually not far away, and most often smaller than us, or perhaps the same size. It can be grave—the Centre Pompidou's *Nature morte*

[7] Reported in Geneviève Laporte, *"Si tard le soir, le soleil brille": Pablo Picasso* (Paris: Plon, 1973), 44. All translations from French by the author except where noted.

(Still Life) has an ominous edge to it—but for the most part it is familiar and accommodating, full of instruments, toys, utensils, fruit, booze, newspaper, bits of sculpture, asking the viewer to touch. These things, and the space that contains them, are property. Picasso began his life as a bohemian, and lived during his first Cubist years in places where property was shabby and deteriorating: the wallpaper was old-fashioned, the armchair creaky, the upholstery a fright. There is still a little of this atmosphere in the Guggenheim's *Mandoline et guitare* (Mandolin and Guitar). But it does not matter—the room is wonderful. Rooms, interiors, furnishings, covers, curlicues are the "individual" made flesh. No style besides Cubism has ever dwelt more deeply, more exultantly, in the space of possession and manipulation. The room was its model of beauty.

To a certain degree, then, even the idea of Cubism as geometry is defensible. One takes the measure of the tipping table and sliding plaster arm in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's *Mandoline, compotier, bras de plâtre* (Mandolin, Fruit Dish, and Plaster Arm), for example, and soon comes to realize that the instabilities of particular things here are offset—steadied, balanced, locked into place—by the gray-and-black cube corners pinned to the picture edge. But the "cube" is essentially the shape of a room—the shape of a kind of knowledge. Cubist "facets" are the room's sharp edges reiterated in the property it protects.

And yet... This sounds, in the end, too stable and reassuring. The first viewers of Picasso's painting were understandably divided between those who thought they saw in the pictures a special coolness and rationality (with maybe even a Kantian tinge) and those who warmed to, or panicked at, the pictures' Nietzschean wildness. Critics of Picasso in this early period tried to reconcile the coolness and the strangeness. The German writer Carl Einstein, confronting the 1928 *Le peintre et son modèle* (Painter and Model) (which again, as with the 1924 still lifes, saw Picasso returning to the hard lines and complex geometry of his high Cubist period), cast about for a vocabulary in which geometry and hallucination, or precision and estrangement, might be understandable as two

sides of the same coin. He believed that the complex order one finds in Picasso *came from somewhere else*:

> These pictures [he is responding to *Le peintre et son modèle* and two other canvases from 1928] are the opposite of "purist" formal arrangements, or reductions [*amaigrissements*]: what we see in them has nothing to do with geometric misunderstanding.
>
> Their inscribed figures, entirely invented, issue from a formal beyond [*un au-delà formel*]. All the picture's separate parts register as analogies of the composition as a whole—as values proceeding from a kind of telepathy of those imaginary analogous forms, as variations played upon those forms....
>
> These pictures are neither commentaries on nor paraphrases of a given reality: they issue from the beyond of an immediate immanence [*ils proviennent de l'au-delà d'une immanence immédiate*].[8]

Obscure, yes—the reader senses that Einstein (and whoever helped him with his French) is pushing language in search of intuitions that are still half-formed. But certain phrases get us closer to Picasso than most written since. The idea of the painter's strange idiom coming essentially from an *au-delà formel* or an *au-delà d'une immanence immédiate* is worth taking seriously. The vocabulary is German, but the basic idea is clear: Picasso's set of objects may seem deeply Other, and often threatening, because it seems to issue from an Unknown or "over there"; but the Unknown is one that is immediately familiar to each of us, *known* as well as unknown, an inwardness or "immanence" that all of us have but choose to misrecognize or repress. Nor is this inwardness a deep Unconscious, in Einstein's view—not a Surrealist mystery[9]—

[8] Carl Einstein, "Pablo Picasso: Quelques tableaux de 1928," *Documents* 1, no. 1 (1929): 38. Available at http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k32951f/f66.image (accessed March 8, 2017). See pages 69–70 of this volume.

[9] Ibid. "[These pictures] bear no relation to the description one finds in genre painting, but also none to the kind of description of psychological processes whose excited and mechanical servility makes one think of the decoration on embroidered slippers." Einstein is relentlessly hostile to Surrealism of the Dalí/Max Ernst kind.

but, rather, a concrete and explicit interruption, continually, cruelly, on the surface of everyday life. The idea that what is most vividly, "immediately" part of ourselves—our true self-consciousness—comes to us from an Elsewhere we have repressed: that, for Einstein, is the human tragedy. *Oedipus Rex* is his Bible. And violence in human affairs, he and Picasso would have agreed, is one sign of tragedy persisting.

Look again at the Reina Sofía's *Instruments de musique sur une table* and the Pompidou *Nature morte*.[10] In both, the basic architecture of room and table is preserved. The Pompidou picture retains what looks like the high corner of wall and ceiling, pinned to the canvas top right. Parallel white lines cross the whole surface in *Instruments de musique*—ghosts of a wall with dado and kickboard. The sequence of green and black rectangles further down—table legs, but perhaps also doors or windows—anchors the floating ovals above. But "anchors," as a concept, may be wishful thinking. The ovals—the guitar, mandolin, and fruit—drift free, like cutouts in a child's two-dimensional theater. The room in both pictures is thinning and dispersing, opening onto something no longer safely "framed" by the room's afterimage. The *au-delà formel* is close. The Pompidou painting's darkness is abrasive, inhospitable—sand in the pigment adding to the effect. *Instruments de musique*'s sky blues and leaf greens seem at first sight more welcoming—these are rare colors in Picasso, and carry with them the promise of landscape—but the longer one looks, the more the two colors shed their real-world connotations and float us into empty space. The pale stream of blue along the bottom of the table is the signature of nowhere-ness. Forms—things—take on a deathly generality. A skull and a palette and a guitar and a jawbone are one. The instruments have escaped their possessors. In both paintings Picasso has naively—I would say, ironically—added, as a kind of afterthought, a faint human touch. On the white mandolin in *Instruments de musique* he has traced a pale

[10] See Jean Sutherland Boggs, *Picasso and Things* (Cleveland: Cleveland Museum of Art, 1992), 220, 228, for catalogue entries.

Instruments de musique sur une table
(Musical Instruments on a Table), 1924

woman's profile, and her breast, and perhaps an arm and fingers reaching to touch. Up on the Pompidou picture's back wall, top center, is another profile, this one neither male nor female, with its outline incised in red. "What is this face, less clear and clearer / ... / more distant than stars and nearer than the eye."[11] Both faces are powerless, ghostly—they go to confirm the pictures' overall atmosphere of generality, remoteness, removal to a world of Forms.

Monsters and Madness

The room in Picasso, then, is always a twofold reality. It is the space of safety and pleasure—the guitar sounding, the bottle uncorked—but also a place of threat. "I believe in phantoms,"

[11] T. S. Eliot, "Marina," in *Collected Poems 1909–1962* (London: Faber and Faber, 1963), 115.

the artist told Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler in 1944, "they're not misty vapors, they're something hard. When you want to stick a finger in them, they react."[12] "Me too [Picasso has been talking about African masks], I think that everything is unknown, everything's the enemy! Everything! Not just some things!—women, babies, animals, tobacco, games… Everything!"[13]

It is this combination of domesticity and paranoia—of trust in the room and deep fear of the forces the room may contain—that makes Picasso the artist of *Guernica*. He would have loathed and despised General Mola's pronouncement of July 19, 1936:

> We must spread terror. It is imperative to show that we are the ones in control, by eliminating unscrupulously and without hesitation all those who do not think as we do. There can be no cowardice. If we hesitate for a moment and fail to proceed with utter determination, we shall not win.[14]

But he would have understood it. Terror and the wish to dominate were basic to his worldview. All rooms—all human creations—are fragile shells. Enemies are lying in wait. The death-haunted drawings Picasso did in 1934—rooms with lacerated bodies on a bed, bomber-swallows hurtling through a window, walls and rafters looking on murder—do no more than bring this fear to the surface. The Pompidou *Nature morte*'s interior is already a tomb.

So perhaps I need to step back a little from my characterization of Picasso as "the artist of monstrosity." It could be that what arrives in 1925 with *Les trois danseuses* is less monstrosity than existence transfigured by fear. Everything is unknown, and therefore hostile. In the *Femme dans un fauteuil* (Woman in an Armchair) from the Minneapolis Institute of Art, for example, the naked figure is crisscrossed—pinioned—by what seem

[12] Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, "Gespräche mit Picasso," *Jahresring 59/60* (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, 1959), cited in *Picasso Propos*, 92.
[13] Reported in André Malraux, *La tête d'obsidienne* (Paris: Gallimard, 1974), 18.
[14] Cited in Xabier Irujo, *Gernika, 1937: The Market Day Massacre* (Reno and Las Vegas: University of Nevada Press, 2015), 5–6 (translation modified).

Femme dans un fauteuil (Woman in an Armchair), 1927

to be shafts of light from a window. They could as well be the glare of an incendiary. The yellow of the nude's flesh seems about to catch fire. And then we see that the shadow and light have taken the form of two faces left and right—bland profiles not unlike the one in *Instruments de musique*. Phantoms. That the two faces are not overtly menacing makes no difference. They are other... they should not be there... they disturb the logic of room-space. The woman in the armchair has every right to scream.

There is a fable of the origin of language told by Rousseau that I think Picasso would have warmed to:

> A primitive man [*un homme sauvage*], on encountering other people, will have had as his first experience fear. That fear will have

> made him see those others as larger and stronger than himself; he will have given the name *giants*.[15]

Commentators on Rousseau have pointed out that "giant" is too weak, or at least too definite, a word for the fear—the unknownness—that the story tells us drives on the first act of naming. "Monster" would be better. Rousseau continues:

> After many further experiences, the man will discover that the supposed giants [monsters] are neither larger nor stronger than himself, and that their stature did not match the idea he had first attached to the word giant. So he will invent another name common to both them and himself, such as for example the word *man*, and will keep the word *giant* [monster] for the false object that struck him in his first delusion.

Picasso would have admired the fable because it recognizes that alarm and false identity—alarm and misrecognition—are at the very root of perception. Other people are monsters first, "men and women" second. And always insecurely.

Three pieces of testimony to Picasso's feelings about such matters are worth adducing—two comic, one tragicomic. First, his memories of how the body appeared to him in infancy: they get a mention in Roland Penrose's biography:

> Picasso once told me how, when very young, he used to crawl under the dinner table to look in awe at the monstrously swollen legs that appeared from under the skirts of one of his aunts. This childish fascination by elephantine proportions impresses him still.[16]

[15] Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Essai sur l'origine des langues*, in *Œuvres complètes*, vol. 5 (Paris: Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1995), 381. For discussion, see Paul de Man, *Allegories of Reading: Figural Language in Rousseau, Nietzsche, Rilke, and Proust* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), 149–55; de Man's argument for the inadequacy of the word "giant" is on page 153 n29.

[16] Roland Penrose, *Picasso: His Life and Work*, 2nd ed. (New York: Schocken Books, 1962), 220.

And this, from Françoise Gilot:

> When I was a child, says Picasso, I often had a dream that used to frighten me greatly. I dreamed that my legs and arms grew to an enormous size and then shrunk back just as much in the other direction. And all around me, in my dream, I saw other people going through the same transformations, getting huge or very tiny. I felt terribly anguished every time I dreamt about that.[17]

Finally, a story told by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. One day in November 1933 (the year is important, and we know that events in Germany were monitored closely in Picasso's circle) the artist came back from a meeting—or was it a session?—with the psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan. They had fallen out about a recent murder case. Earlier in the year two maidservants from Le Mans, the Papin sisters, had slaughtered their mistress and her daughter. They had gouged out their victims' eyes while they were still alive, and then gone to bed, lying naked to await the arrival of the police. Kahnweiler reports as follows:

> Picasso has seen Dr. Lacan, with whom he is not at all in agreement: "He claims that the Papin sisters are mad," he said. And Picasso went on to declare that he admired the Papin sisters, who had dared to do what each of us would like to and nobody dares to. "What becomes of tragedy, then? *Et les grands sentiments? La haine*?"
>
> I reminded him that the judges had not considered the sisters to be mad.
>
> Picasso: "Yes, the judges, they have a classical education" ...
>
> "Today's psychiatrists are the enemies of tragedy, and of saintliness.... And saying that the Papin sisters are mad means getting rid of that admirable thing called sin."[18]

[17] Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake, *Life with Picasso* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964), 119.

[18] Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, "Entretiens avec Picasso," *Quadrum* (Brussels), no. 2 (November 1956), cited in *Picasso Propos*, 75 (reporting a conversation of November 30, 1933).

These are hard sayings—the kind of thing Picasso biographers feast on. My task is to think of them as an aspect of the mind that went on to make *Guernica*. Monstrosity of the Papin sort, the artist seems to be asserting—and again I suggest that the wider tragedy of 1933 is in the background—is what the human reveals itself to be, for good or ill, at moments of maximum intensity. It is bound up with the claim to individual autonomy and impatience with the given order. The Christian notion of sin gets us close to it, as does the Greek term *hubris*. The judges with their classical education are better equipped than the analyst to understand this: the word "tragedy" comes twice to Picasso's lips. "Drama," likewise, is a term that recurs in Picasso's conversations, alongside hurt and hatred. Hatred is the other side of love, he believes, or maybe love is a mask that hatred wears—one of many. The world is hostile, we know that already. "I never *appreciate*, any more than I *like*. I love or I hate. When I love a woman, that tears everything apart—especially my painting."[19]

Some of this is playacting and provocation; but the core ideas are deeply felt. Putting the dreadfulness of the Papin sisters' violence into a separate, straightforwardly "mad" category means, so Picasso thinks, that we close ourselves against everything in the two women's conduct—in the affect we imagine for them—that we know to be ordinary, indelible, dangerous in ourselves, and fundamental for the making of the "I." The word he blurts out is "hatred": meaning destructiveness, deep resentment of the Other and its power, a tearing and rending (a splitting) that lie at the heart of the self's constitution. And other things too: guilt ("sin"), plus its desperate, necessary, never-to-be-finished *disavowal* by the subject; and therefore—because guilt remains—the eternal appeal of the taboo, the "wicked," the transgressive.

Any case made "for" Picasso's view of the human condition, and his view of sexuality and our relations to others—man and woman, mother and child, mistress and servant—is bound to be defensive. For decidedly his view is monstrous, with him center

[19] Gilot, *Life with Picasso*, 266.

stage acting the Papin part. "I am like the giraffe which doesn't know that it is monstrous," he said once.[20] He should have—and he did. My defense will be limited, then, but nonetheless I believe it necessary to the *Guernica* story.

Violence and Style

It is hard for human beings, so the record suggests, to find a form for violence, pain, and horror that is not somehow *reassuringly stylized*—admitting these terrible states of the human, but making them part of a dance that takes on in the end a kind of dreadful desirability. We could go back to Aristotle in trying to frame what goes on here, and say with him that horror very easily becomes part of spectacle—a puppet play of domination and submission. I am with Aristotle, further, in thinking that we need, as a culture, not so much the Scene of Suffering incessantly repeated (though no doubt we shall go on getting it), but rather the Experience—the Action—of fear and agony. An action we might all be able to work with—not sit there fascinated by. Such an action will be stylized, of course, just as much as the Scene was: there is no "real" fear and agony transparent to representation: it will always be a matter (not just for art, but for human dealings) of "entering into" conditions we can, thankfully, for the most part only dimly imagine. And here is the rub. The dream vision of violence is all around us, endlessly thrown up on screens. I believe that *Guernica* has answered to human wishes in the way it has because *its* vision—stylized and distanced as it is, with its flat cutouts and Cubist draining of color—has struck viewers as not dreamlike but nightmarish... having the quality of the moment when the sleeper jerks awake, the bedroom's familiar reality still soaked in the nightmare's cold sweat.

I do not think, to sum up, that there is any other way to a *realization* of horror than the one Picasso took: knowing horror obsessively and intimately, dwelling with it, being under its

[20] Romuald Dor de la Souchère, *Picasso in Antibes*, Musée Picasso (London: Lund, Humphries, [1960]), 5.

Figure, 1928

spell, recognizing it as part of the self—and certainly part of the history of one's time. The Picasso scholar Lydia Gasman put it this way:

> Picasso after cubism ... created in the 1920s and 1930s the art he believed this century best deserved.... Seldom do the compassion of his blue and rose periods and the balance of his cubism reappear. His art became a sort of caricatural *crimen laesae majestatis humanae* [a crime against the majesty of the human race], because humanity provoked him with its chain of crimes.[21]

Compassion and balance... It is true that they reappear very rarely; but also true—it is easy to take this for granted—that Picasso's work before World War I had been distinctive in Parisian culture for the depth of its feeling for the defenseless, followed by its move toward coolness and equilibrium. The question after 1914–18 was whether compassion, in the new circumstances, would not amount to sentimentality (in retrospect, Picasso thought his Blue Period was mawkish), and balance amount to mere formalism. In *Guernica*, improbably, they did not.

Monsters and Ourselves

I said that my defense of monstrosity in Picasso would be limited. This is because my concern in this essay is primarily the relation of the monster to pain and horror: the way a picture like the Centre Pompidou's 1927 *Figure*, for example, connects to *Guernica*. (This is a painting Picasso kept for himself over two decades—perhaps as a point of reference—and then gave to the old Musée d'art moderne in 1947.[22]) *Figure* is room-space and phantom in concentrated form. I shall return to it later.

[21] Lydia Gasman, "Mystery, Magic and Love: Picasso and the Surrealist Poets, 1925–1938" (PhD diss., Columbia University, New York, 1981), 527.

[22] See the entry on the painting in Enrique Mallen, ed., *Online Picasso Project* (Sam Houston State University, 1997–2016), OPP.27: 111.

But first, let me establish that pictures as stark and menacing as *Figure* are not typical of Picasso, even when painting monsters. We should remember that murder, bloodshed, and dismemberment only dominate his work for a brief period of months in 1934. And there are many other tonalities to the monstrous in Picasso, including a strange kind of dignity and monumentality. Look for instance at the Museu Berardo's *Femme dans un fauteuil* (Woman in an Armchair), or the Menil Collection's version of the same theme. Monstrosity in both is a form of composure—massiveness, equilibrium, self-certainty. So that it seems to follow that when Picasso includes a male viewer in such pictures, as he does occasionally—*Figure et profil* (Figure and Profile) from the Musée Picasso, Paris, is an example—the man looks at the monster not in terror but with a kind of steady interest. He does not seem to be "fascinated." "So this is Woman," he could be saying. "And what do I make of her? What *have* I made of her? Why do I paint her this way?"

The masterpiece of this version of monstrosity seems to me a painting first called simply *Femme* (by Christian Zervos), then eventually *Nu debout au bord de la mer* (Nude Standing by the Sea), dated April 7, 1929.[23] It was given pride of place in the special "Hommage à Picasso" issue of *Documents* in 1930, and I believe was on the mind of the young poet-anthropologist Michel Leiris when he wrote on Picasso earlier in the year. Here are the key sentences in Leiris's essay:

> These days Picasso sets up, no longer simply new forms, but authentic organisms, and these giant creatures stand and walk like living beings (even though entirely reinvented), not phantoms. It is thus in my opinion a total mistake to forget the thoroughly *realistic* character of Picasso's work and situate him in the realm of fantastic hallucinations....
>
> The personages portrayed strike us as being totally "well built" and viable, although a complete liberty presides over the

[23] For more analysis of the painting see Clark, *Picasso and Truth*, 204–12.

Femme dans un fauteuil (Woman in an Armchair), 1929

determination of their structure and proportions, making them creatures no doubt of a Cyclopean order, but natural, and all the more beautiful and moving for having attained such a degree of truth....

Each new object, each new combination of forms that Picasso presents us, is a new organ we attach to ourselves, a new instrument that allows us to insert ourselves more humanly into nature, to become more concrete, more dense, more alive....

The beings he invents ignore us and breathe impassively before us, in a world that is closed to us perhaps, but only because of our weakness. It does not matter that their organization has little to do with the way our own organs are arranged, they are neither phantoms not monsters. They are creatures unlike ourselves, or rather, the *same* as us, but with a different form,

> a more dazzling structure, and, above all, marvelously visible [ou bien plutôt, les mêmes, mais d'une forme différente, d'une structure plus éclatante, et, par dessus tout, d'une merveilleuse évidence].[24]

It hardly needs saying that Leiris's defense of monstrosity is open to challenge. His Picasso is by no means the one we have met pronouncing on the Papin sisters, or claiming the whole world is his enemy. Nonetheless Leiris's basic idea—that the monster is *us*; us not yet safely under the description "human" (or "male" and "female"); us in our dangerous foreignness to ourselves; us in our wished-for majesty—seems to me right. Or right within limits.

Put *Nu debout au bord de la mer* alongside the Pompidou's *Figure*. Match them to what Leiris has to say, but then begin to wonder if Leiris's brand of humanism quite captures the starkness and absurdity—but also the deep malevolence—of *Figure*. Perhaps what we need to help us understand Picasso's vision is to imagine Leiris in conversation with Carl Einstein (in *Documents* their essays are more or less side by side). Think of *Figure*, then, with Leiris's help, as a kind of *double*—the same as us, but possessed of a clearer, brighter structure ("fascinating," we might say), all of it completely "evident," completely revealed. But where *is* the double, in relation to ourselves? In what kind of room-space? Outside or in? These are questions Leiris does not think to ask, but Einstein does. The horrible proximity of *Figure*—its snout tapping against the windowpane, its face transfixed by the diamond of light, its mouth an arrow aimed at the heart—may be what Einstein meant by the *au-delà d'une immanence immédiate*. And there are other phrases in Einstein that seem apposite. "We find ourselves," he says, "in the presence of creatures identical to the subject, having nothing to do with our eyesight and its hybrid compositions"[25]—that is, as I understand him, creatures that

[24] Michel Leiris, "Toiles récentes de Picasso," *Documents*, no. 2 (1930), 64, 70.
[25] Einstein, "Pablo Picasso," 35.

refuse to grow up. Creatures that won't agree to a compromise between hallucination and matter of fact. In Picasso, hallucination rules.

Reality as make believe, then; the world as a space of utter immediacy and yet deep Otherness; ruled by an Unconscious that is cruel and concrete, far more "real" to us than the later constructions of common sense. Some such world as this is often pointed to by child psychologists. So it may well matter—we shall never have proof—that Picasso's pictures were produced at the same moment Paul Guillaume, Henri Wallon, and their collaborators were putting together the observations and theories concerning the child's first body image, which we now sum up, too readily, under the rubric of the "mirror stage." (Perhaps *Figure* is the self in the mirror.) Guillaume's wonderful *L'imitation chez l'enfant* was published in 1925. Elsa Köhler and Charlotte Bühler brought out their founding studies of the mentality of one- and two-year-olds in 1926 and 1928, respectively. Wallon was assembling the elements of his *Origines du caractère chez l'enfant* through these same years. His great "Comment se développe chez l'enfant la notion du corps propre" appeared in the *Journal de Psychologie* in November 1931.

Though Dr. Lacan's final summation of this material inevitably looms large, I believe what we need as a frame for *Figure* is not so much the moment of the child's excited coordination of the self in front of the mirror but the picture that emerges from Wallon and his collaborators of the child's world before "reflection" takes precedence.[26] The Other may be the first and continuing form of the Self, but there are many forms of the Other preceding the one in the glass: persons or things that are closer to us, more deeply entangled with sucking and touching and biting and smelling and screaming fit to bust. And these are the dimensions of sense that Picasso seems most interested

[26] Wallon's *Origines du caractère chez l'enfant* was published in its first form in 1930, then finally in 1934. Jacques Lacan's "Le stade de miroir" was first presented to the 14th International Psychoanalytical Congress in 1936.

in. The primitive picture of self, writes Wallon, is formed long before the child evinces a flicker of interest in his or her mirror image. It "emerges from passionate involvements [with the child's small world of others] in which each person has difficulty in distinguishing itself from those others and from the total scene in which its appetites, desires, and fears are bound up."[27] The objects we see at the start of life—faces, the breast, enclosing arms, approaching mouths, the giant, the monster—are indelible.

> Things that exist immediately and totally for [the child] possess a quality that goes beyond information from the senses—they are *ultrathings*, which may be constructed in conformity to, but distinct from, the data of reality.[28]

Figure is a thing of this kind. It is a monster and a familiar. No doubt the five profiles in *Guernica* that seem in many ways closest to *Figure*, variations on its shrieking starkness—the agonized mother, the three desperate women to the right, the bull—are also ones in which the earlier face's malevolence turns to pain and bewilderment. But *Figure* too was bewildered—vulnerable, panic-stricken just as much as predatory. Monsters are us in our hopeless dependency as well as our will to power. *Guernica* has no monsters—even the bull is strangely subdued—but its picture of terror was assembled from monstrous, *ultrathing* materials.

The Eagle's Vomit

Guernica is a tragic scene—a downfall, a plunge into darkness—but distinctively a twentieth-century one. Its subject is death from the air.

[27] Henri Wallon, "The Role of the Other in the Consciousness of the Ego," in *The World of Henri Wallon*, ed. Gilbert Voyat (New York: J. Aronson, 1984), 96 ("Le rôle de l'autre dans la conscience du moi" was first published in 1946).

[28] Henri Wallon, "The Origins of Thought in the Child," in *World of Henri Wallon*, ed. Voyat, 86 (extracted from Wallon, *Les origines de la pensée chez l'enfant*, 1947).

Guernica, 1937. Detail

"That death could fall from heaven on so many," Picasso told an interviewer later, "right in the middle of rushed life, has always had a great meaning for me."[29] A great meaning, and a special kind of horror. The historian Marc Bloch had this to say in 1940:

> No, the fact is that this dropping of bombs from the sky has a unique power of spreading terror.... A man is always afraid of dying, but particularly so when to death is added the threat of complete physical disintegration. No doubt this is a peculiarly illogical manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation, but its roots are very deep in human nature.[30]

Bombing of the kind experimented with in April 1937—"carpet bombing," "strategic bombing," "total war"—is terrifying for many different reasons. Because the people on the ground, cowering in their shelters, may imagine themselves suddenly *gone* from the world—ripped apart and scattered, vanished without trace. Because what will put an end to them so completely comes out of the blue—Picasso's "from heaven"—and has no imaginable form. "They'll never know what hit 'em." Because death from now on is potentially ("strategically") all-engulfing: no longer a matter of individual extinctions, recorded on a war memorial, but of whole cities—whole "worlds," whole forms of life—snuffed out in an hour or so. The war diary of Wolfram von Richthofen, chief of staff of the German Condor Legion, speaks naively—with true totalitarian glee—to this moment of *technical* mastery:

> Guernica, city of 5,000 inhabitants, literally leveled. Attack was launched with 250 kg bombs and firebombs, these about 1/3

[29] Simone Gauthier, "Picasso, the Ninth Decade: a rare interview," *Look* 20 (November 1967): 87–88, cited by Lydia Gasman, "Death Falling from the Sky, Picasso's Wartime Texts," in *Picasso and the War Years 1937–1945*, ed. Steven Nash (San Francisco: Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, 1998), 55.

[30] Marc Bloch, *Strange Defeat: A Statement of Evidence Written in 1940*, trans. Gerard Hopkins (New York: Octagon Books, 1968), 57.

> of the total. When the first Junkers arrived, there was already smoke everywhere (from the experimental bomber squadron, which attacked first with three planes). Nobody could see roads, bridges, or suburban targets anymore, so they just dumped their bombs in the midst of it all. The 250s knocked down a number of houses and destroyed the municipal water system. The firebombs now had time to do their work. The type of construction of the houses—tile roofs, wooden floors, and half-timbered walls—facilitated their total destruction. Inhabitants were generally out of town because of a festival [not true]; most of those fled at the outset of the attack [ditto]. A small number died in wrecked shelters [numbers still disputed, but certainly not small]. Bomb craters in the streets are still to be seen. Absolutely fabulous![31]

To which the only possible reply (at least in words) is Picasso's own, on Christmas Day 1939: a poem that turns and turns, obsessively, around the image of an eagle-bomber vomiting its wings on houses below—skin ripped off the houses, flames on the buildings' torn flesh, a window flapping against the void, horror discovered in the drawer of a wardrobe (always the dream of the room remaining), shutters broken, a black flag burning... The dramatis personae of *Guernica*, repeated as impotent spell:

> the coal folds the sheets embroidered with the wax of the eagles
> raining down in laughter the icy skein of
> flames from the empty sky onto the torn
> skin of the house in a corner at the bottom of the drawer
> in the wardrobe vomits its wings
>
> snaps at the forgotten window onto the void
> the torn black sheet of the frozen
> honey of the sky's flames
> on the skin torn from the house

[31] Richthofen's war diary, quoted in David Large, *Between Two Fires: Europe's Path in the 1930s* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1990), 256.

in a corner at the bottom of the drawer
the eagle vomits its wings

on the skin torn from the house
snaps at the window forgotten at the center of the infinite void
the black honey of the sheet torn by icy flames
from the sky the eagle vomits its wings

in the infinite center of the void on the skin torn from the house
snap at the window the naked arms of the honey of the
black sheet torn by the ice of the flames of the
sky stunk out by the eagle vomiting its wings

the window forgotten at the center of the night shakes
the black sheet devoured by the ice of the flames
the eagle vomits its wings on the honey of the sky

still in the center of the space
the skin torn from the house
shakes the black sheet from its window
the eagle set in the ice
vomits its wings in the sky

the black sheet of the window snaps on the cheek of the sky
carried away by the eagle vomiting its wings

torn from the teeth of the wall of the house the window shakes its
sheet in the coal of the blue grilled by lamps
the nails of the shutters
give up the struggle its wings to chance[32]

[32] "*le charbon plie les draps brodés de la cire des aigles / tombant en pluie de rires l'écheveau glacé des / flammes du ciel vide sur la peau / déchirée de la maison dans un coin au fond du tiroir de / l'armoire vomit ses ailes // claque à la fenêtre oubliée sur le vide / le drap noir déchirée du miel / glacé des flammes du ciel / sur la peau arrachée à la maison / dans un coin au fond du tiroir / l'aigle vomit ses ailes // sur la peau arrachée à la maison / claque à la fenêtre oubliée au centre du vide infini / le miel noir du drap déchiré par des flammes glacées / du ciel l'aigle vomit ses ailes // au centre infini du*

This dreadful parody of a sestina—the same few phrases patched to one another endlessly, as if in hope that a combination will occur in which suddenly the world will be made whole again—seems to me the closest *Guernica* ever comes to being provided with a running commentary.

The Immortality of the Group

Guernica—I go back to the question of tragedy—is above all a picture of women and animals looking for Death: trying to "face" annihilation, to see where it is coming from and what form it will take, so as to attain to Aristotle's moment of recognition (*anagnorisis*). And their tragedy is that they cannot find it. The woman with the lamp is the emblem of that condition, but her directedness—her right-to-left velocity, face and arm extruded through the slats on the window—is seconded by the woman stumbling and peering below, and the desperate backward stare of the horse.

One main thing Picasso's poem tries to mimic is this looking and not seeing. Its absurd syntax and senseless enjambments end up making the individual images of bombing, which in themselves should be vivid and repellent—the eagle, the window, the black flag, the flames—flatten out into a mad patter of words. Something is happening in the poem: the poem is about not knowing what. Those who care for *Guernica* have always responded to just this aspect of the painting: its darkness and nowhere-ness, the desperate effort of the dying to see what is done to them, Death as immediacy, discontinuity, "detonation."

> *vide sur la peau arrachée à la maison / claquent à la fenêtre les bras nus du miel du / drap noir déchiré par la glace des flammes du / ciel empuanté par l'aigle vomissant ses ailes // la fenêtre oubliée au centre de la nuit secoue / le drap noir dévoré par la glace des flammes / l'aigle vomit ses ailes sur le miel du ciel // immobile au centre de l'espace / la peau arrachée à la maison / secoue le drap noir de sa fenêtre / l'aigle pris dans les glaces / vomit ses ailes dans le ciel // le drap noir de la fenêtre claque sur la joue du ciel / emporté par l'aigle vomissant ses ailes // arraché des dents du mur de la maison la fenêtre secoue son / drap dans le charbon du bleu grillé aux lampes / les ongles des persiennes / abandonnent la lutte ses ailes à la chance*." Marie-Laure Bernadac and Christine Piot, eds., *Picasso: Collected Writings* (Paris: Gallimard, 1989), 210–11.

(Einstein's *au-delà d'une immanence immédiate*, perhaps, but in a form Einstein happily never thought of.)

We could say that the nowhere-ness and isolation in *Guernica* are what Terror—Terror with von Richthofen's technology at its disposal—most wants to produce. It is the desired state of mind lurking behind the war-room euphemisms: "undermining civilian morale," "destroying social cohesion," "strategic bombing," "putting an end to war-willingness."[33] But surely *Guernica* would not have played the role it has for the past eighty years if all it showed was an absolute negative. It is a *scene*, not a meaningless shambles. It presents us, at the degree zero of experience, with an image of Horror shared—Death as a condition (a promised end, a mystery) that opens a last space for the human.

This is hard to think about, and Hannah Arendt is helpful. In her book *On Violence* she ends by discussing a claim made by Franz Fanon: that armed struggle against an oppressor is to be welcomed as a great social equalizer, the destroyer of shame and subservience, and therefore (says Fanon) the royal road toward freedom and solidarity. Arendt is unhappy with the proposal, but recognizes its force:

> Of all equalizers, death [does seem] to be most potent, at least in the few extraordinary situations where it is permitted to play a political role. Death, whether faced in actual dying or in the

[33] See the recent discussion in Richard Overy, *The Bombing War: Europe 1939–1945* (London: Allen Lane, 2013), 263–65, 616–24, and passim. Overy is more cautious than many historians—his treatment of the Guernica bombing is cursory, and over-fearful of "propaganda" exaggeration—but his quotes from the documents tell the story. In May 1941 the British Director of Bombing Operations reminded his staff that since 1940 Churchill had freed Bomber Command from having to bomb with discrimination, so that "attacking the workers" was now permissible. "We do not mean by this that we shall ever profess the German doctrine that terrorism constitutes an effective weapon of war." "Effective" is the key word. The same month, the Director of Air Intelligence wrote to the DBO welcoming an attack on "the livelihood, the homes, the cooking, heating, lighting and family life of that section of the population which, in any country, is least mobile and most vulnerable to a general air attack—the working class." See ibid., 259.

> inner awareness of one's own mortality, is perhaps the most anti-political experience there is. It signifies that we shall disappear from the world of appearances and leave the company of our fellow-men, which are [*sic*] the conditions of all politics. As far as human experience is concerned, death indicates an extreme of loneliness and impotence. But faced collectively and in action, death changes its countenance; now nothing seems more likely to intensify our vitality than its proximity. Something we are usually hardly aware of, namely, that our own death is accompanied by the potential immortality of the group we belong to and, in the final analysis, of the species, moves into the center of our experience. It is as though life itself, the immortal life of the species, nourished, as it were, by the sempiternal dying of its individual members, is "surging upward," actualized in the practice of violence.[34]

"Practice," in the final sentence, needs unpacking. Arendt seems to mean something close to Aristotle's idea of Action, which is to say activity with a purpose and direction; practice accompanied, however dreadful the circumstances, by an effort at recognition and appropriation, making catastrophe "ours." *Guernica* is action in this tragic sense: its central trio of heads—the horse, the woman with the lamp, the woman below "surging upward"—is stopped forever in a moment of charged vitality. They cannot see, they must see. No figures have ever been more isolated, no scene has ever declared itself more a totality (a human thing) made from the fragments.

Arendt is understandably reluctant to accept Fanon's conception of politics. She goes on to argue that no real polity, no continuing community, can be built on the foundations of fraternity engendered by collective violence—even by men and women

[34] Hannah Arendt, *On Violence* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1970), 67–68. She has in mind primarily the first chapter, "Concerning Violence," of Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, English trans. 1961. ("I am using this work because of its great influence on the present student generation.")

forgetting their differences in the face of imminent death—because "no human relationship is more transitory than this kind of brotherhood, which can be actualized only under conditions of immediate danger to life and limb."[35] But I would counter that *Guernica*, in depicting this transitoriness, has succeeded in perpetuating it—in immortalizing it, to use Arendt's terms—and goes on presenting us (the record suggests as much) with a usable model of the "potential immortality of the group." That the group is utterly shattered and panic-stricken, reassembled by nothing but the extremity of Terror, only speaks to the form collectivity now takes. *Guernica*'s users have understood this ever since 1937, to the discomfiture of governments: "community," as we have it, *is* this life in the moment of the bomb.

It is difficult, maybe impossible, to describe what is happening here without one's language tipping into the falsely redemptive. Nothing that takes place in *Guernica*, to make my own feeling clear, strikes me as redeemed or even transfigured by the picture's black-and-white reassembly of its parts. Fear, pain, sudden death, disorientation, screaming immediacy, disbelief, the suffering of animals—none of these realities "falls into place." Judith Butler in a recent essay, looking for a basis on which a future politics might be built, asks her readers to consider the idea of a collectivity founded on weakness. "Vulnerability, affiliation, and collective resistance": these, she argues, are such a collectivity's building blocks.[36] I believe that *Guernica*'s usefulness—its continuing life in so many different contexts—may derive from the fact that it pictures politics in the same way. We should remember that in its early stages the painting saw armed struggle differently, with even a little of Franz Fanon's heroics: the bombing was centered first on a beautiful dying nude male, fist clenched, reaching skyward, asserting the "immortality of the group."[37]

[35] Ibid., 69.

[36] Judith Butler, "Violence, Mourning, Politics," in *Precarious Life: The Powers of Mourning and Violence* (London and New York: Verso, 2004), 49.

[37] For discussion of Guernica's early stages, see Rudolph Arnheim, *Picasso's Guernica: The Genesis of a Painting* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California

But then the fist evaporated and the hero became a broken statue. The image of politics *Guernica* ended up proposing instead was one in which "affiliation" and "collective resistance" are there *in* human "vulnerability," if the latter can be shown—understood—as a shared tragic fate.

Arendt rightly invokes Georges Sorel's *Reflections on Violence* at this point: Sorel is her anti-Fanon. Insofar as a new political identity can be thought of at all as being forged through violence, Sorel thought, it will not come from armed struggle pursued as a "project"—as "a continuation of politics by other means"—but from violence experienced as, *pictured as*, pity and terror. Socialism, Sorel believed—"socialism" was his term for just that "vulnerability, affiliation, and collective resistance" Butler aims to bring into focus—is nothing if not a "picture of complete catastrophe."[38] His other words were "obscurity" and "mystery"—which bring us again to the idea of tragedy. "Socialism has always inspired terror because of the enormous element of the unknown which it contains."[39] And the unknown is socialism's strength. Any politics that truly intends to break out of the vicious circle of "progress," he thought—today's phrase would be "economic development"—has to recognize that "the war undertaken by socialism against modern society" involves looking havoc full in the face.

Press, 1962), 118–22; Chipp, *Picasso's Guernica*, 110–18; Anne Baldassari, *Picasso: Life with Dora Maar; Love and War 1935–1945* (Paris: Flammarion, 2006), 152–56 (for new reproductions); Clark, *Picasso and Truth*, 260–64. On the elimination of the clenched fist, see Francis Frascina, "Picasso, Surrealism and Politics in 1937," in *Surrealism: Surrealist Visuality*, ed. Silvano Levy (Edinburgh: Keele University Press, 1996), 142.

[38] George Sorel, *Reflections on Violence* (1906), trans. T. E. Hulme (New York: Collier, 1961), 135. "The more the policy of social reforms [i.e. "reformist" socialism as advocated by Bernstein] becomes preponderant, the more will socialists feel the need of placing against the picture of the progress which it is the aim of this policy to bring about, this other picture of complete catastrophe furnished so perfectly by the general strike." Note that the general strike is a *picture* of catastrophe. Sorel's other great word is "myth"—that is, "a body of images capable of evoking instinctively all the sentiments which correspond to the different manifestations of the war undertaken by socialism against modern society" (see page 127).

[39] Ibid., 138.

Reflections on Violence has very often been anathematized for saying as much; and it is true that aspects of Sorel's thought in the book were eventually pulled into the orbit of fascism. But I see no necessity in this. Sorel's compassion for the defenseless shines through his every page; his contempt for defenders of the guillotine is boundless. And his picture of catastrophe and community still provides us, I think, with the frame we need to interpret *Guernica*'s politics.

Violence and Visibility

One last word about *Guernica* and war. No doubt many people will dispute the idea that *Guernica* is the best image we have of "modern society"—of the twentieth century and its legacy. But it should strike us again—we tend to take it for granted, and we shouldn't—that the painting has, through generations, assumed this role for so many. "We seem to have before us," calling Bradley to our aid,

> a type of the mystery of the whole world, the tragic fact which extends far beyond the limits of tragedy. Everywhere, from the crushed rocks beneath our feet to the soul of man, we see power, intelligence, life and glory, which astound us and seem to call for our worship. And everywhere we see them perishing, devouring one another and destroying themselves, often with dreadful pain, as though they came into being for no other end.[40]

Bradley, in his late Victorian way, sees the facts of destruction and waste he points to—the perversion of "power, intelligence, life and glory"—as mysteries, permanencies of the human condition. I leave that argument aside. I am interested instead in what has emerged as *new*—as newly intolerable and exacerbated—in our

[40] See footnote 1. For the wider implications of a "tragic" approach to politics, see T. J. Clark, "For a Left with No Future," *New Left Review* 74 (March–April 2012): 53–75.

own societies' confrontation with armed conflict, and the way this newness connects with *Guernica*.

Could we say that the special agony of modernity has turned out to be that it goes on being lived in a state of permanent contradiction—between the ongoing *pacification of everyday life* that is modernity's great achievement and the ever-increasing *visibility of war* that accompanies it? I put my stress here on the idea of visibility. We are circling back to Aristotle's notion of "spectacle," which the scholars tell us extends to all things appealing primarily to the faculty of vision—the Greek word is *opsis*.[41] Modernity is a system of incessant *opsis*. So the prominence of war in modernity—and the fear that it may be modernity's truth—is not a matter of more and more (or less and less) actual conflict, but of violence as the *form*—the tempo, the figure, the *fascinus*—of our culture's production of appearances.

Why violence "appeals" to the eye in this way may be one of Bradley's (and Sorel's) insoluble mysteries. But certain common-sense things can be said about the changes in warfare over the past half-century. War is no longer a segregated, professional, "mercenary" "continuation of politics by other means." It is an everywhere haunting the happiness of consumerism. It has become what the experts call "asymmetrical"—that is, less and less a matter of "legitimate," concentrated armed forces squaring off in the ring of roughly equal states, but rather of violence escaping, diffusing, metastasizing, becoming the business of non-state "actors." Terrorists. *Ressentiment* sits in its joyless apartment, twisting the wires on the circuit board, taking advantage of technology—of the better and better ("individualized," "handy") devices that violence has always called into being.[42]

[41] See the discussion of the word in Aristotle, *On Poetics*, trans. Seth Benardete and Michael Davis (South Bend: St. Augustine's Press, 2002), 18. Davis's introduction to the translation spells out the implications of Aristotle's insistence on "action"—a story "acted out," involving reversal and recognition—and helps with the contrast between *opsis* and *praxis*.

[42] See Arendt, *On Violence*, 4: "Since violence—as distinct from power, force, or strength—always needs *implements* (as Engels pointed out long ago), the revolution of technology … was especially marked in warfare." Compare page 46:

Perhaps, then—though the thought is a grim one—we turn to *Guernica* with a kind of nostalgia. Suffering and horror were once this *large*. They were dreadful, but they had a tragic dimension. The bomb made history. Mola and von Richthofen were monsters in the labyrinth. "And everywhere we see them perishing, devouring one another and destroying themselves."

It may be true, in other words, that we pin our hopes on *Guernica*. We go on hungering for the epic in it, because we recoil from the alternative—violence as the price paid for a broken sociality, violence as leading nowhere, violence as "collateral damage," violence as eternal return. But how could we not recoil? And does not the image *Guernica* presents remain our last best hope? For "vulnerability, affiliation, and collective resistance" still seem, to some of us, realities worth fighting for.

"*Violence*, finally, is distinguished by its instrumental character.... [T]he implements of violence, like all other tools, are designed and used for the purpose of multiplying natural strength until, in the last stage of their development, they can substitute for it."

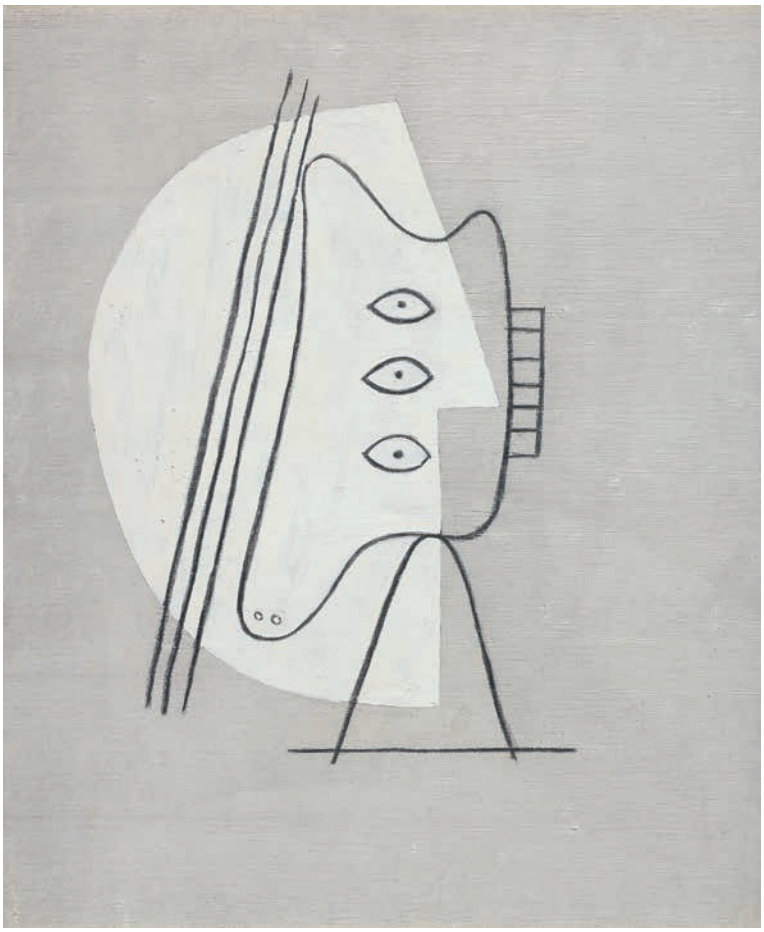
Les trois danseuses (The Three Dancers), 1925

Mandoline, compotier, bras de plâtre
(Mandolin, Fruit Bowl, and Plaster Arm), 1925

Mandoline et guitare (Mandolin and Guitar), 1924

Femme dans un fauteuil (Woman in an Armchair), 1927

Le peintre et son modèle (Painter and Model), 1928



Figure, 1928

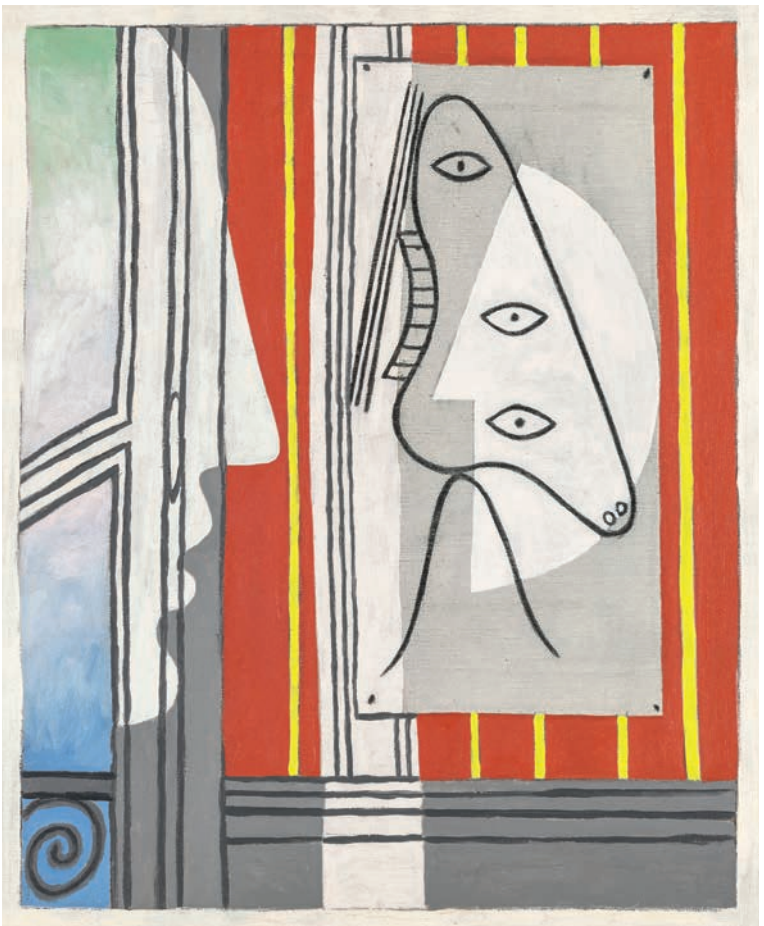


Figure et profil (Figure and Profile), 1928

Nu sur fond blanc (Nude on a White Background), 1927

Picasso in *Documents*

T. J. Clark

Picasso received almost no criticism in his lifetime that measures up to the deeper challenges represented by his work—in particular, the challenges to our common understandings of identity, epistemology, and sexuality. Critical responses to Picasso certainly existed—they can be said to constitute one central stream of modern culture—but for the most part they took nonverbal form: if what we are looking for is active "interpretation" of Picasso, we turn inevitably to Kurt Schwitters and Vladimir Tatlin, Henry Moore and Jackson Pollock. There are, however, exceptions to this rule—occasions when Picasso met with the kind of criticism his painting and sculpture called for. The three texts presented in this section issue from one such moment, the response to Picasso's recent painting of writers associated with the journal *Documents*.

The fifteen issues of *Documents* (subtitled *Archéologie, Beaux-Arts, Ethnographie, Variétés*) were published in Paris in 1929 and 1930. The journal was financed by the art dealer Georges Wildenstein and edited primarily by the philosopher, novelist, anthropologist, and pornographer Georges Bataille (1897–1962). Its first few issues, in which the trio of texts appeared, bore the imprint of Bataille's coeditor, the German novelist and art historian Carl Einstein (1885–1940). Bataille's and Einstein's extraordinary range of interests and commitments defy summary, and their cooperation on *Documents* was in many ways an unlikely event: Bataille later claimed that he gave the magazine its direction "against the titular editor, the German poet Carl Einstein."

Einstein had left Germany in 1928, partly as a result of political pressures. He was a communist anarchist, participant in the 1918 Belgian and German revolutions (giving one of the graveside orations at Rosa Luxemburg's funeral), and in due course

a fighter with the Durruti Column in the Spanish Civil War. Eventually, trapped in 1940 in a disintegrating France, he committed suicide in the Pyrenees. His short book *Negerplastik* (1915) had been one of the first attempts to expound the aesthetics of African sculpture. His 1912 novel *Bebuquin oder die Dilettanten des Wunders* survives as one of the earliest claimants to the title "Cubism in literature"—Einstein had first visited Paris in 1907 and ever afterward steered by the light of Picasso and Braque. After 1918 Einstein was given the task of writing the final volume of the great Propyläen Verlag history of art, and his *Die Kunst des 20. Jahrhunderts* appeared in 1926. The article presented here, "Pablo Picasso: Quelques tableaux de 1928," was published in 1929 in *Documents*' opening issue: three of the paintings it deals with—the *Le peintre et son modèle* (Painter and Model) belonging to the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), and the two versions of *Femme dans un fauteuil* (Woman in an Armchair) owned by the Musée Picasso in Paris and the Fondation Beyeler—are represented in the present exhibition.

An attempt to unravel some of Einstein's main arguments is made in the preceding essay, "Picasso and Tragedy." To that can be added two more general points. First, Picasso's work seems always to have mattered to Einstein above all as an example—for him the key example—of modern art's dismantling of the categories and distinctions that make up our "common sense" picture of Reality. (Einstein would not have hesitated to call that picture "bourgeois.") Second, the categories and distinctions that most needed to be destroyed, in his opinion, were those having to do with self-consciousness, and with recognition of the "Otherness" of the world. "Self" and "other" were terms that would be exploded, Einstein believed, in an imminent social revolution; and Picasso's art was to be valued as the best premonition we have of that explosion. "Quelques tableaux de 1928" struggles to put Picasso's radicalism into words. It is interested especially in the tension visible in the new paintings between a seeming rawness and immediacy of vision—a deliberate steering of art into the territory of infantile terrors and fascinations—and the presence of

a "disciplined," constraining geometry. Picasso's art, as Einstein saw it, existed at the crossroads between solipsism and total loss of self. No art had ever been more firmly, shamelessly, anchored in the wild immediacies of the Unconscious. But that Unconscious was not the self's partner and possession—its dream companion, its titillating underside—but its constant deathly negative. (Surrealism of the Breton-and-Dalí variety was a constant target in *Documents*: on this, if little else, Bataille, Einstein, and Leiris were agreed.) Picasso's geometry was *the form of the Unconscious*—the Unconscious as a kind of immediacy, no doubt, but also a kind of Otherness and Unreality... a Non-Self, an Anti-Individuality, which stood constantly in waiting as bourgeois society spiraled toward its end.

The dialectical fireworks of Einstein's "Quelques tableaux de 1928" make for difficult reading. Einstein's language is often impenetrable. But the article nonetheless registers as an extraordinary attempt (one of the very few we have) to face up to the implications of Picasso's new style—above all, to the frightening picture of self and other it proposes.

Michel Leiris's "Toiles récentes de Picasso" was published in *Documents* early in 1930. Then aged twenty-eight, Leiris (1901–1990) had only recently broken with Breton and Surrealism, after some years of active participation in the movement. He was known primarily as a poet, and was just beginning to publish on ethnography—an interest that led to extended stays in Africa and his first full-length book, *L'Afrique fantôme* (1934). He was later to be deeply involved in the political struggles surrounding the decolonization of French North and West Africa. He was a tireless autobiographer, and his reputation now rests primarily on his efforts in that genre: *L'Âge d'homme* (1939), *La Règle du jeu* (1948–76), and his posthumously published *Journal* (1992).

One main impulse behind Leiris's essay is the wish to detach Picasso from the orbit of Surrealism, though this leads toward emphases that are often at odds with Einstein and Bataille. Picasso, as Leiris understands him, is essentially a realist, concerned above all to find a way to insist on the materiality and strangeness of bodily

existence. The creatures Picasso shows us may seem at first ugly or threatening or even monstrous, but that is because we have lost touch with our own ("real") monstrosity. And the more we tune into Picasso's world, the more aware we become of the *humanity*—the "familiarity," the balance and concreteness—of the beings it contains. Each new object in a Picasso, so Leiris believed, is intended as an aid to understanding, or more properly to feeling: it is "a new instrument that allows us to insert ourselves more humanly into nature, to become more concrete, more dense, more alive." Picasso's monsters "make the earth tremble under their feet"—but in a way that is not finally productive of fear so much as dazzled, maybe rueful, self-recognition. The self *is* monstrous (this seems to be Leiris's implication), but monstrosity is beautiful—perhaps the only true beauty we possess.

There are aspects of Leiris's reading of Picasso that many readers will see as too charitable—too "humanist." His account is certainly at odds with that of Bataille, for whom Picasso was also a hero. Bataille was responsible for a special issue of *Documents* in later 1930 entirely given over to Picasso panegyrics, by a cast of characters ranging from Einstein and Leiris to Marcel Mauss, Jacques Prévert, and the young Claude Lévi-Strauss. Having arranged for the chorus of adulation, Bataille was characteristically unwilling to join in. His contribution "Soleil pourri" ("Rotten Sun") is a brilliant, breakneck reflection on the dialectics of light and shade, high and low, aspiration and debasement. But "the painting of Picasso" is not mentioned until the article's last line. Behind the elaboration and decomposition of form in modern painting, Bataille then asserts, lies the quest for a moment at which darkness and sun-dazzle, or abjection and sublimity, are understood—experienced—as one. But only Picasso's art, he says, has given that moment form. He refrains from explaining how or why.

PABLO PICASSO
A FEW PAINTINGS FROM 1928

Carl Einstein

We are publishing a few recent paintings by Picasso.

In these paintings, construction is founded on a tectonic hallucination: but only the static accents, those elements capable of opposing the ongoing swiftness of vision, have been considered. What we observe here is a disciplining of hallucination: the flood of psychological processes is, as it were, repelled by the dyke of static forms.

All that was previously fixed—objects, principles of conservation, and mnemonic conventions—is overwhelmed. Minimal professional trickery is used: indeed, the premise of any immediate construction is nothingness. Objects represent, rather, an obstacle to hallucinatory figuration, because they divide psychological processes into two realities, and destroy concentration.

Tautology, which is fatal elsewhere, is avoided in these paintings and the repetition of the usual biological forms is eliminated. We find ourselves in the presence of creatures identical to the subject, having nothing to do with our eyesight and its hybrid compositions. This has nothing in common with metaphorical images; it is no longer a matter of allegories of reality. There is no possibility of verification: imaginary elements, free from the constraints of "adaptation," are unverifiable. We have forgotten the convention of reality, which elsewhere continues to be venerated as if it were a transcendental substance. We are placed outside the *normal*, that simple abstract of mechanized representations that we see "arranged" everywhere else. The biological monotony that is insufficient for hallucinations has been dispelled.

Picasso does not accept the given, which the feeble still adore as a transcendental substance. With him we move away from Freud's fatalistic and stable hallucination, that limited formula in which the unconscious is represented, metaphysically, as a constant substance. What is static in these works is the result of prolonged but rapid processes. It is a compression that releases reactions whose strength is commensurate with its violence. The paintings are conjunctions of psychological processes directed by the artist. These constructions rest on layers that are very deep, in the sense that nothing is more human or more unconscious than the geometry of forms. But there are no grounds for speaking, in this case, of archaism or retrograde and primitive visions: these seemingly simple forms show orientations in space that can be interpreted in several different ways. A geometrical line is plotted in one direction in order to reach a solution: the power of Picasso's lines comes from the multiplicity of axes that are integrated into them, with each form relating telepathically to all the forms in the painting.

Illustrations 11 and 12 show sequences rich in details more freely conceived than the overall construction of the painting. A familiar cadence is filled with unexpected rhymes and, so to speak, the space is more or less neutralized by the multiplicity of axes in the figures. Nowadays, the number of signs is reduced, but the self-sufficiency of the picture as a whole is much more striking. Before, transparent

Documents 1, no. 1, 1930, p. 35

planes overlapped, creating discontinuous forms: today, a certain continuity is created by the use of analogous forms.

The paintings of the Renaissance presented a sum of incoherent optical movements, executed along an axis that related to a body in space. It is in our epoch that we have compressed into a single layer eye movements corresponding to several axes. Since Giotto, painting emanated from architecture, offering a choice of visual systems analogous to those of architecture: in our epoch, it is sculptors and architects who follow the painter, using pictorial discoveries. Cézanne was the leading architect of his time, as Picasso is today.

Specifically architectural optical movements are displaced by a static and flat vision. In this way one creates a totality of views and an equilibrium of different axes. Pictures abolish the convention of a central "spinal column."

We draw attention to the polyphony of surfaces in the first three paintings, which present multiple indications of space. One could speak of a division into "fields of forms" containing the various figures.

The forms in these paintings fall into clearly divided fields of action: one could even speak of formal radiations. The inscribed signs correspond to the vertical axes of the figures and compositions. These pictures are the opposite of "purist" formal arrangements, or reductions: what we see in them has nothing to do with geometric misunderstanding.

Their inscribed figures, entirely invented, issue from a formal beyond. All the picture's separate parts register as analogies of the composition as a whole—as values proceeding from a kind of telepathy of those imaginary analogous forms, as variations played upon those forms. Here decisions do not proceed from the constraints of biology, but from a direct and human act of composition. What we see are forms that are analogical and thus true, in terms established by the invented composition itself.

There is nothing rhetorical about these paintings. They bear relation to the description one finds in genre painting, but also none to the kind of description of psychological processes whose excited and mechanical servility makes one think of the decoration on embroidered slippers. Whatever the precision of the means, the linear calligram is very complicated, and because these are autonomous creations there is no reason to speak of abbreviations.

We are also publishing two figures—creatures from a mythology of forms. These pictures are neither commentaries on nor paraphrases of a given reality: they issue from the beyond of an immediate immanence. In truth, our psychological center stands at the furthest possible distance from the business of imitation, and most works of art are detours whose true purpose is to discover the immediate hallucination. Importantly, Picasso does not bow to retrograde tendencies in the imagination, because his paintings represent psychological elements that are not yet constrained by "adaptation" and whose speed outstrips biological conservatism.

RECENT CANVASES BY PICASSO

Michel Leiris

The mark of genius is that it preempts any sort of commentary; and if it is already absurd in general to write about painting, it is *a fortiori* even more so, and in a much graver way, in the special case of Picasso. Given the particularly advanced state of mediocrity in which we live nowadays, the creations of such a man so far surpass anything we could have imagined before he showed it to us, that, whatever the viewpoint we adopt (painterly, poetic, metaphysical, etc.), anything we say will be no more than a dismal caricature of the reality in question. What amusing vermin we are, always attaching ourselves to the armpits of genius! Despite the crazy pretention involved in any attempt to insert into the measured frame of discourse that which is, by definition, incommensurable, we do not hesitate to trust our "intuition," without realizing that in doing so—or proceeding in any other manner, come to that—we have every chance of drowning in sterile verbiage, like some true believer or village pedant.

Almost everyone who speaks about Picasso avoids the real issue, daring to approach him only with the precautions of a savage (beware!, there are wolf traps, open razors all round his paintings); or, if they put caution aside for a moment, they go overboard and blunder about hopelessly, adopting the tone of a professor at the podium, or a physicist describing his lab experiments, or the trembling voice of the Initiate before the Master, or even the simple and childlike stammering of a devout old soul needing to worship something. And yet an art that is as fully *actual* as Picasso's is best treated in a completely different way. Neither obscure and pretentious intellectualism, nor a "consummately Romantic" tone, nor dumb sentimentality will do: only an absolutely direct, frank, spontaneous, and naive manner, with none of that false armor whose main (highly ineffective!) purpose is to bring the subject under control. Picasso himself goes on giving us the admirable example of someone who plants himself on an equal footing with everything, who treats things as *familiarly* as possible (this familiarity brings with it a freedom of expression with respect to things that a book of etiquette would no doubt consider improper) because, immediately, he knows what things are. One could, without much risk of being mistaken, apply to him the old Latin adage and say that *nothing that is human*—and nothing, moreover, that is inhuman—*is alien to him*. We should therefore approach him in the same way, or, in any case, not put him up on a pedestal like that dismal horror we call a "great man" or a demigod, for this is a man who—we should never stop repeating as much—demonstrates above all a vitality and mobility so exceptional that they completely and forever rebel against being imprisoned in the dead lineaments of a statue.

If, however, it is difficult, for reasons of elementary deference, to approach Picasso without any feeling of "awkwardness"—and a freedom of some such kind is the only appropriate stance to take, because it alone can respond to Picasso's own extraordinary lightness—we can at least dispose of a few

Documents 2, no. 3, 1930, p. 57

inaccuracies, clear up a few misunderstandings. It goes without saying, in any case, that Picasso, far from waiting around for us, performs this task himself, magnificently, with each new series of works. Each series demonstrates, irrefutably, how incomplete, erroneous, and idiotic were the interpretations of his art generated by the surprise and enthusiasm that greeted the work done just previously.

So, among the crude yet pernicious errors propagated with respect to Picasso in recent years, the worst is that which has sought to more or less confuse him with the Surrealists: in other words, to make him into a sort of man in revolt against reality, or indeed in flight from it (however hard one tries, words often say something quite different from what was first intended). Although there are good reasons (in appearance at least) for seeing Picasso as a sort of visionary or dark magus, seeking either to substitute a world of higher essences for the world of everyday perceptions, or simply to break down connections in order to demonstrate the emptiness and stupidity of the normal arrangement of things, I do not think Picasso can be taken as an *a priori* enemy of the world. His latest works, even more irrefutably than those preceding them, seem to me to demonstrate as much. For him, art has less to do, it seems, with remaking reality so that reality itself can be *remade*, than with the incomparably more important purpose of expressing all reality's possibilities, all its imaginable ramifications, so as to press reality a little closer, to really touch it. Instead of a vague survey, a distant panorama of phenomena, the Real is thus illuminated from inside; it is penetrated; and thus it becomes for the first time, *really* a REALITY. In most of Picasso's pictures, you will notice that the "subject" (if that is the right word) is almost always completely *down-to-earth*; at any rate never borrowed from the hazy world of dreams, nor susceptible of being converted into symbol—in other words, not in the least "Surrealist." All his imagination is directed to the creation of new forms, situated neither above nor below the forms of everyday life, but real like them, although different and entirely new.

These days Picasso sets up, no longer simply new forms, but authentic organisms, and these giant creatures stand and walk like living beings (even though entirely reinvented), not phantoms. It is thus in my opinion a total mistake to forget the thoroughly *realistic* character of Picasso's work and situate him in the realm of fantastic hallucinations, on some kind of astral plane where the real goes on dancing forever. It is simply too easy, when a work expands the limits of our understanding, to place it in the realm of the "marvelous"—séances, table turning, and suchlike—or even to regard Picasso's work as essentially hostile to understanding itself, hostile to life, detached from it, floating in a fantastical heaven where every least desire holds sway. True freedom, moreover, does not consist in denying or "escaping" the real; on the contrary, it implies a necessary recognition of the real, which must then be explored and excavated more and more deeply, digging down into its last hiding places; and it is in this sense above all that we could say that Picasso is free—the freest painter who ever existed—he who knows better than anyone the exact weight of things, their scale of value, their materiality...

Another mistake that people rush into involves applying to Picasso, though in a rather special way, the old antithesis between beauty and ugliness—day versus night, Ormuzd versus Ahriman, two Manichaean entities at war. Because Picasso rebelled against the academic canon, he is praised for attacking

classical beauty—bland, cold, and idiotic like the statue of a nymph in a square—and for having invented disturbing and monstrous forms. I am certainly not going to try to deny the very distinctive unease, and even the positively chilling impression, generated by the sight of some of Picasso's canvases, but I believe that this "disturbing" side plays only a very secondary role and that the unique value of these works lies elsewhere. Apart from the fact that to consider the problem in this way is arbitrary, tired, and exaggeratedly schematic,, Picasso's most recent works seem to establish, even more clearly than those before, how false it would be to suspect him of trying to "do" the disturbing (a supposition as empty and mistaken as that which has him deliberately intending to be hermetic), or, just as bad, trying to "do" the monstrous. Even the simple fact that we may admire Picasso because, whether he wished it or not, certain of his works have a grimacing and terrible look to them—even this can lead to a kind of blindness. For what constitutes the truly extraordinary success of works of this kind (and here I am thinking of the very latest), is the fact that the personages portrayed strike us as being totally "well built" and viable, although a complete liberty presides over the determination of their structure and proportions, making them creatures no doubt of a Cyclopean order, but natural, and all the more beautiful and moving for having attained such a degree of truth.

Human limbs, human heads, human landscapes, human animals, human objects located in a human setting: these are what, in spite of certain appearances, we ultimately find in Picasso. Never before has man so powerfully affirmed, in the realm of art, what constitutes his nature and his *humanity*. Each new object, each new combination of forms that Picasso presents us, is a new organ we attach to ourselves, a new instrument that allows us to insert ourselves more humanly into nature, to become more concrete, more dense, more alive. It takes an unmatched stupidity to love these works on the mystical pretext that they help us rid ourselves of our human foibles and become *superhuman*. If we had to apply this term "superhuman" at all, it would be in the sense that these entities are the apex of the human, as are the greatest mythological creations—outlandish beings, who nonetheless go on making the earth tremble under their feet.

As usual, Picasso seems these days to have attained the highest point of his genius. The beings he invents ignore us and breathe impassively before us, in a world that is closed to us perhaps, but only because of our weakness. It does not matter that their organization has little to do with the way our own organs are arranged, they are neither phantoms not monsters. They are creatures unlike ourselves, or rather, the *same* as us, but with a different form, a more dazzling structure, and, above all, marvelously visible. And further astonishments lie in wait...

To someone who asked me now which of Picasso's works I like most, I would answer that, at each moment, it is the latest I've seen. In an age when most of us are in retreat, or content to make the best of the modest territory we have conquered, there are not many people of whom I could say as much.

ROTTEN SUN

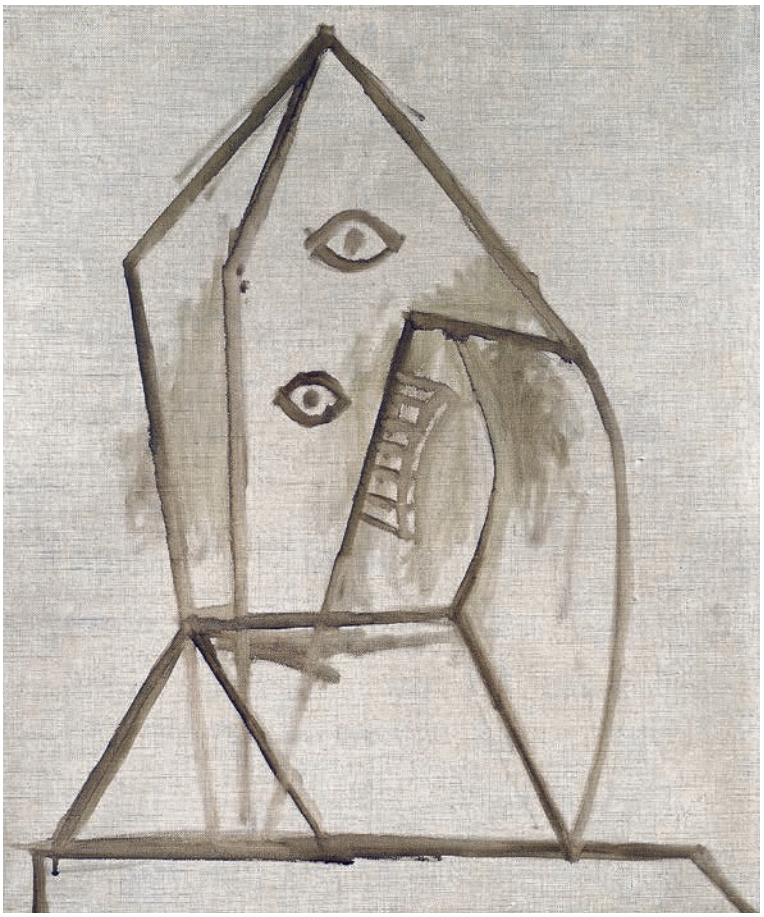
Georges Bataille

The sun, from the human point of view (in other words, as it is confused with the notion of noon) is the most *elevated* conception. It is also the most abstract object, since it is impossible to look at it fixedly at that time of day. If we describe the notion of the sun in the mind of one whose weak eyes compel him to emasculate it, that sun must be said to have the poetic meaning of mathematical serenity and spiritual elevation. If on the other hand one obstinately focuses on it, a certain madness is implied, and the notion changes meaning because it is no longer production that appears in light, but refuse or combustion, adequately expressed by the horror emanating from a brilliant arc lamp. In practice the scrutinized sun can be identified with a mental ejaculation, foam on the lips, and an epileptic crisis. In the same way that the preceding sun (the one not looked at) is perfectly beautiful, the one that is scrutinized can be considered horribly ugly. In mythology, the scrutinized sun is identified with a man who slays a bull (Mithra), with a vulture that eats the liver (Prometheus): in other words, with the man who looks along with the slain bull or the eaten liver. The Mithraic cult of the sun led to a very widespread religious practice: people stripped in a kind of pit that was covered with a wooden scaffold, on which a priest slashed the throat of a bull; thus they were suddenly doused with hot blood, to the accompaniment of the bull's boisterous struggle and bellowing—a simple way of reaping the moral benefits of the blinding sun. Of course the bull himself is also an image of the sun, but only with his throat slit. The same goes for the cock, whose horrible and particularly solar cry always approximates the screams of slaughter. One might add that the sun has also been mythologically expressed by a man slashing his own throat, as well by an anthropomorphic being *deprived of a head*. All this leads one to say that the summit of elevation is in practice confused with a sudden fall of unheard-of violence. The myth of Icarus is particularly expressive from this point of view: it clearly splits the sun into two—the one that was shining at the moment of Icarus's elevation, and the one that melted the wax, causing failure and a screaming fall when Icarus got too close.

This human tendency to distinguish two suns owes its particular importance in this case to the fact that the psychological movements described are not ones that have been diverted, nor their urges attenuated, by secondary elements. But this also indicates, on the other hand, that it would be *a priori* ridiculous to try to determine the precise equivalents of such movements in an activity as complex as painting. It is nevertheless possible to say that academic painting more or less corresponded to an elevation—without excess—of the spirit. In contemporary painting, however, the search for that which most ruptures elevation, and for a blinding brilliance, has a share in the elaboration or decomposition of forms, though strictly speaking this is only noticeable in the paintings of Picasso.

Documents 2, no. 3, 1930, pp. 173–174

Tête de femme (Head of a Woman), 1927

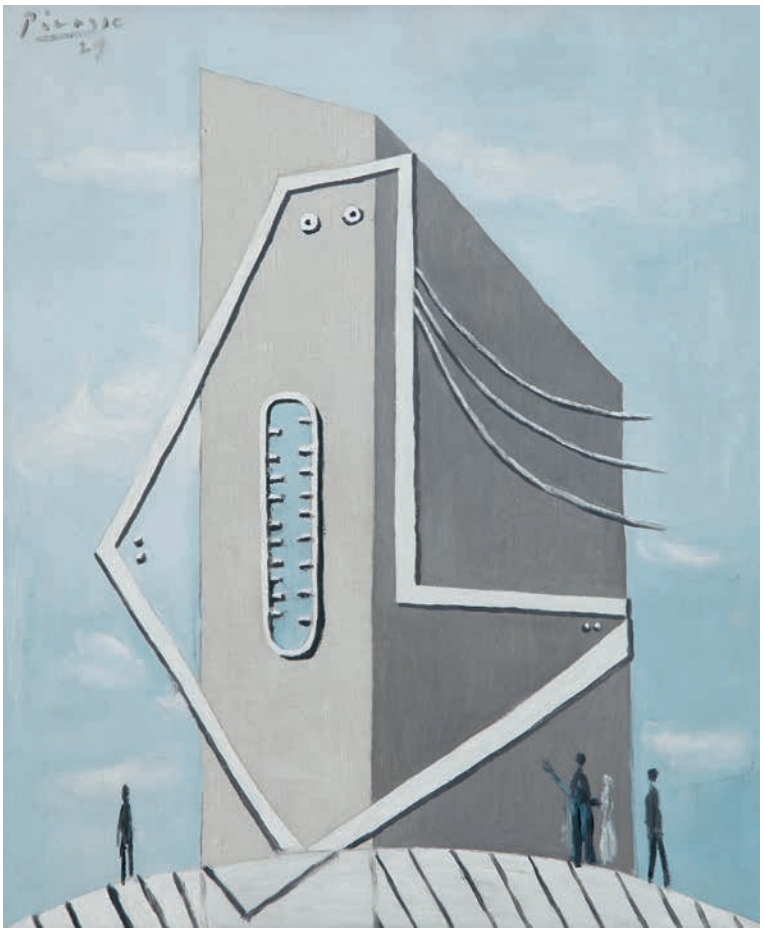


Tête sur fond beige (Head on a Beige Background), 1929

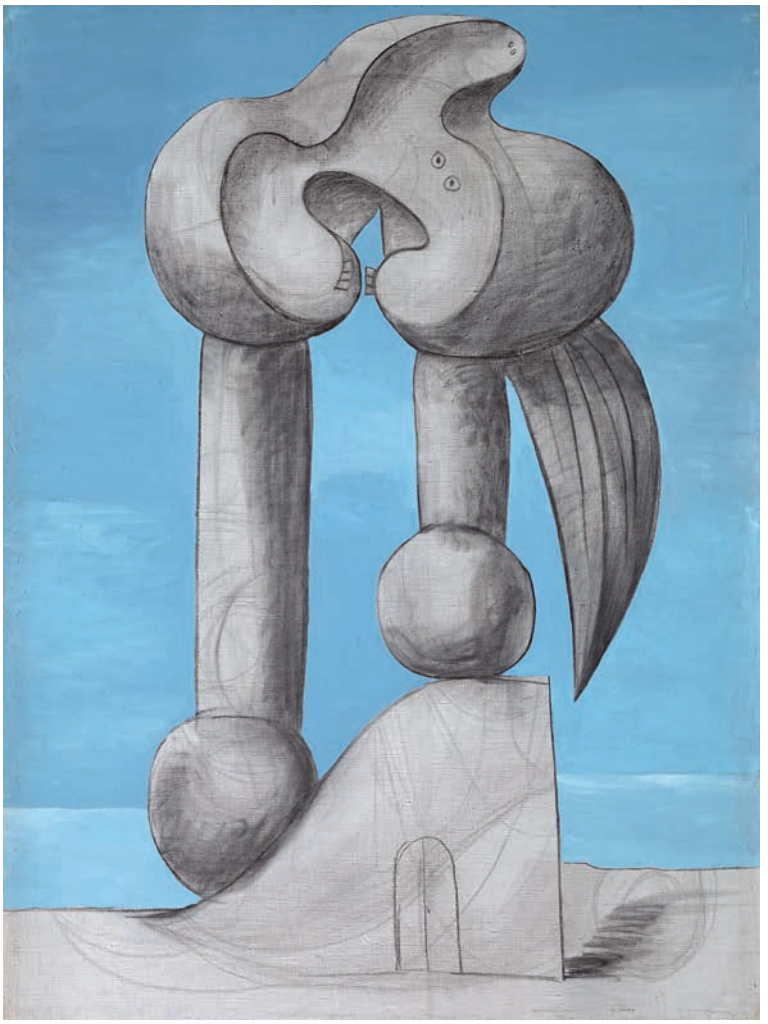
Femme dans un fauteuil rouge (Woman in a Red Armchair), 1929

Tête (Personnage) (Head [Personage]), 1926

La demoiselle (The Head), 1929



Monument: tête de femme (Monument: Head of a Woman), 1929



Figures au bord de la mer I (Figures by the Sea I), 1932

Nu debout (Standing Nude), 1928

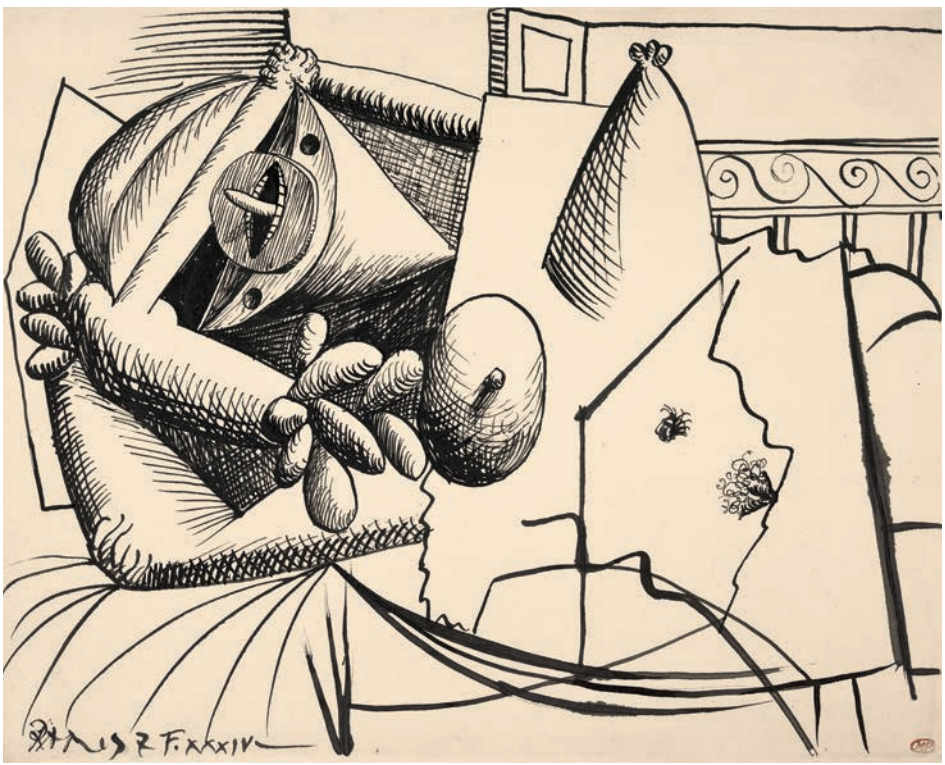
Nu debout au bord de la mer (Nude Standing by the Sea), 1929

Tête de femme (Head of a Woman), 1929–30

La femme au jardin (Woman in a Garden), 1930

La nageuse (The Swimmer), 1934

Figures au bord de la mer (Figures by the Sea), 1931



Nu couché devant la fenêtre
(Nude Reclining in Front of the Window), 1934

The Deaths of Marat

Marisa García Vergara

The function of the artist, according to André Breton, is "to reveal to the collective consciousness what *must* be and what *will* be." In his view, the artist's work "is valuable only if it is traversed by luminous tremors of the future." These statements, which Breton made in Spain only months before the outbreak of the Civil War, were compiled in the second *Bulletin international du surréalisme*, published in October 1935 by the "Surrealist group of Paris and *Gaceta de Arte* of Tenerife (Canary Islands)."[1]

Some six months earlier, on the occasion of the Surrealist Exhibition organized by the journal, Jacqueline and André Breton landed on the island in the company of Benjamin Péret. On May 16, they opened the exhibition with works by Pablo Picasso, Joan Miró, Salvador Dalí, Marcel Duchamp, Alberto Giacometti, René Magritte, and others.[2] At the Ateneo de Santa Cruz, where the works were being exhibited, Breton gave a talk entitled "Art and Politics," explaining the Surrealist position with regard to the revolutionary status of the work of art. Fragments of the lecture, together with extracts from his statements to the Socialist magazine *Índice*, make up the text published in French and Spanish in the *Bulletin*.[3] The

[1] *Bulletin international du surréalisme*, no. 2 (October 1935): 2. The text is a collective statement signed by Breton, Benjamin Péret, and the editors of *Gaceta de Arte*: Pedro García Cabrera, Domingo Pérez Minik, Domingo López Torres, Agustín Espinosa, Óscar Pestana Ramos, Francisco Aguilar, and José Arozena, directed by Eduardo Westerdahl. The journal was also published in Spanish as *Boletín internacional del surrealismo*. The fragments cited in this text are translated in Andre Breton, "Interview with 'Índice,'" in *What Is Surrealism: Selected Writings*, ed. Franklin Rosemont (London: Pluto Press, 1978), 146.

[2] The catalogue *Exposición surrealista de Tenerife*, with a preface by Breton, reproduces his text "Situation surréaliste de l'objet. Situation de l'objet surréaliste."

[3] Extracts from the speech in "Posición política del arte de hoy," *Gaceta de Arte* 4, no. 35 (September 1935): 1, and "Préface aux expositions surréalistes de Copenhague

conferences, the "acts of political affirmation," and the Surrealists' trip to Tenerife itself,[4] were evidently motivated by a need to define political action and forge alliances on the eve of the International Congress for the Defense of Culture, which was to end in June of that year with the definitive rupture between Surrealism and the French Communist Party.[5]

It is not surprising to find a full revolutionary program in Breton's statements, together with an explicit, almost didactic, formulation of the ideological references of the movement: Marxist materialism, Freudian psychoanalysis (stripped of its metaphysics), and Hegelian dialectics. What is remarkable, however, is that only one artwork is mentioned in a text devoted entirely to the position of art with regard to revolutionary activities. This paradigmatic example held up by Breton is none other than Picasso's *La mort de Marat* (The Death of Marat), an engraving executed in drypoint and burin, then hand-colored in three or five inks.

Besides the perfunctory cover image by the Canary Islander Óscar Domínguez, *El cazador* (The Hunter, 1934), *La mort de Marat* is the only work to have featured in the *Bulletin*, and constitutes the model of revolutionary art that Breton positions against propaganda art and socialist realism. To quote him directly: "to form an idea of the required degree of reconciliation" between the urgent need for social significance and purely artistic demands, "we cannot do better than give an example from another Picasso work, his etching entitled *The Death of Marat*." Such a work, Breton says, "dominates the situation revolutionarily."[6] What could Breton have seen in it to turn it into a new *pièce à conviction*?[7]

et de Tenerife," *Cahiers d'Art*, nos. 5–6 (1935): 97. The interview was published in André Breton, *Position politique du surréalisme* (Paris: Éditions du Sagittaire, 1935).

4 See Emmanuel Guigon, "Le voyage d'André Breton à Tenerife," *Mélanges de la Casa de Velázquez* 25 (1989): 397–417; and Georges Sebbag, "Préface," in *Bulletin international du surréalisme. Prague-Santa Cruz de Tenerife-Bruxelles-Londres, 1935–1936* (Lausanne: L'Âge d'homme, 2009).

5 "Discurso de André Breton al Congreso de los escritores para la defensa de la cultura," *Gaceta de Arte* 4, no. 35 (September 1935): 3–4.

6 Breton, *Bulletin*, 6; "Interview with 'Índice,'" 145.

7 André Breton, "Le Surréalisme et la peinture," *La Révolution surréaliste*, no. 4 (July 15, 1925): 28.

The Deaths of Marat

De derrière les fagots (*A Bunch of Carrots* / *Remove Your Hat*), Éditions surréalistes, Paris, 1934. Print and cover illustration of *La mort de Marat* (Death of Marat) from Pablo Picasso

The engraving made by Picasso on June 21, 1934 as a frontispiece to Benjamin Péret's volume of poems *De derrière les fagots*[8] offers a violent paraphrase of the funerary portrait of the revolutionary Jean-Paul Marat, painted by Jacques-Louis David in 1793. As Breton warns, however, it is not a work on a "social subject." It is not the subject shown but its "latent content" that makes it revolutionary, since artistic expression must remain free: "By definition it stands aside from any fidelity to the intoxicating circumstances of history."[9] Liberated from the martial narrative of a history that has often been transposed to myth, Picasso's work transforms the most famous painting on political violence in French art into a domestic caricature of a private murder.

The small print shows the murder—no longer the *death*—of Marat in his bath, the victim of a Charlotte Corday transfigured

[8] Benjamin Péret, *De derrière les fagots* (Paris: Éditions Surréalistes, 1934). The 1936 English editions, *A Bunch of Carrots*: *Twenty Poems*, selected and translated by Humphrey Jennings and David Gascoyne, and *Remove Your Hat* (2nd ed.), also include Picasso's frontispiece.

[9] Breton, *Bulletin*, 5–6; "Interview with 'Índice,'" 144.

into a spiky-haired monster, her sharp-toothed mouth open in a scream and her erect nose displacing her eyes, as she stabs. With her, Picasso reintroduces the violence of the act to the scene in a grotesque parody of the painting by David, who eliminated the murderess and covered over the traces of horror in order to impose the fiction of the survival of the "friend of the people." David succeeded in building up the figure of Marat into the great hallowed martyr of the republican cult by employing Christian religious iconography to justify the legitimacy of the revolutionary project. The deliberate pathos of the posture of the corpse—its bloodless arm imitating, as is often mentioned, Michelangelo's *Pietà* or Caravaggio's *The Deposition of the Cross*, its reclining head and beatific smile recall the inherent eroticism of the passion of the sacrificial victim—is adapted here to the one who with his death became a new Christ of the Revolution. This is the Marat that Jean Clair called a martyr for modern times.[10]

Picasso's Marat also offers his body in sacrifice, still holding the quill in his hand—or rather, in the tip of the triangle that shows the martyr's arm as a replica of the dagger's outline. The powerful emptiness that falls like a tombstone from the top half of David's picture and envelops the bathtub/coffin in an abstract and timeless space, reinforcing the pathos of the portrait, is transformed here into a perfunctory perspective box, which defines a narrow room. Into this constrained space, the assassin bursts, key in hand, knife poised to strike. Meanwhile the sun—which does double duty as an eye—pours through the opposite window, its rays slicing through both victim and murderer alike. Such an image cannot help but evoke the thinking of Georges Bataille: looking straight at the sun hurls us into the profound abyss of madness. That "rotten" sun conveys violent combustion, and as such expresses the horror that consumes forms and beings.[11]

[10] Jean Clair, *Hubris. La fabrique du monstre dans l'art moderne* (Paris: Gallimard, 2012), 154.

[11] Georges Bataille, "Soleil pourri," *Documents*, no. 3 (1930): 174; translated into English as "Rotten Sun," in *Visions of Excess: Selected Writings, 1927–1939*, ed. Allan Stoekl, trans. Stoekl with Carl R. Lovitt and Donald M. Leslie Jr.

Picasso's incisions graphically replicate the violence of the motif: a tense arc traces the body and arm of the assassin, who drives in the dagger with a resolve similar to that of Abraham in Filippo Brunelleschi's sculpted relief panel of the *Sacrifice of Isaac*, that—likewise violent—work with which the Renaissance inaugurated a new vision of reality, which arose from the moment of maximum contrast between competing forces, opposing wills translated into acts, actions, history. The drama that is, always and necessarily, representation determines the human condition, a new value of the subject that will correspond to a new value of the object.

*

Picasso dedicated several works to the death of Marat. The 1931 *Femme au stylet* (Woman with Stiletto, 1931. Musée national Picasso-Paris, MP136) is the most explicit paraphrase of David's picture. The figure of the murderess, obliterated in the famous painting, here grows in stature, becoming the genuine protagonist, a furious presence the canvas seems unable to contain. Her disjointed and sexed body with jaws agape pounces on a microcephalic Marat who struggles to escape from the bath. His amoeboid extremities invade the claustrophobic space, the rigid geometry of which contrasts with the dislocated anatomies of the aggressor and her victim, the latter adopting the crucified posture found in other works by Picasso on religious themes. From the wound made by the stiletto, like that inflicted by the spear of Longinus on the body of Christ, emanates a cloud of blood. Picasso extends the green of the cloth with which David had covered Marat's bath to the walls, and adds a *tricolore* between the two figures, emphasizing the union of their destinies in the pantheon of patriotic martyrs. Like other illustrious men of his time, Marat might not have lingered in the memory had he not been pinned there by Charlotte Corday's knife. A strange couple, consummated by the blood of the dagger in the bath, who join so many others united in the game of Eros

(Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1985), 57–58. The complete text can be found on page 74 of this volume.

and Thanatos of which, over the centuries, the vicissitudes of political history tell.

Although Marat's assassination may have lacked the historical transcendence of other collective events that had led to the founding of the Republic, such as the storming of the Bastille or the execution of Louis XVI, its enduring impact on popular memory announces the preeminence of that "considerable emotional factor" between power and the masses of which Breton spoke.[12] Breton was not mistaken in seeing *La mort de Marat* as a revolutionary work. Nor was Corday, despite the anachronism of her gesture in the Republic, as Guillaume Mazeau notes.[13] The apparent inefficacy of that memorable action, imagined as a sacrilegious gesture of regeneration but actually incapable of amputating a power that was already dispersed among the members of the National Convention, does not detract from the radical modernity of a project founded on the emotional impact of violent actions on public opinion.

La mort de Marat is, according to Breton, a revolutionary work, but meanings in Picasso have a devilish way of moving around. David's emphasis on revolutionary martyrdom, which is brought home by his identification of Marat with Christ, in Picasso's hands becomes sexual martyrdom, thanks to the disturbed figure of the hysterical woman. It is unsurprising that Picasso returned to the assassination of Marat following the notorious crimes of the Papin sisters and Violette Nozières, in which murder, female hysteria, and sexual identity converged. Paranoia, murderous desires, and self-punishment was Lacan's diagnosis of the Papin sisters in a famous article in *Minotaure*,[14] arousing the wrath of Picasso, who saw no madness there but rather the great feelings of tragedy, saintliness, and "that admirable thing called sin."[15]

[12] Breton, *Bulletin*, 6; "Interview with 'Índice,'" 145.

[13] Guillaume Mazeau, *Le Bain de l'histoire. Charlotte Corday et l'attentat contre Marat* (Seyssel: Champ Vallon, 2009).

[14] Jacques Lacan, "Motif du crime paranoïaque: le crime des sœurs Papin," *Minotaure*, nos. 3–4 (1933): 25–28.

[15] "Today's psychiatrists are the enemies of tragedy, and of saintliness." Pablo Picasso, cited in Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, "Entretiens avec Picasso," *Quadrum*, no. 2 (November 1956): 73.

Picasso's paintings of Marat explore the psychosexual obsessions of the Surrealists, who made of murderesses the heroines of free and triumphant instinct. Surrealism saw a direct relation between psychic liberation and the erotic energy of violent crimes, inspired by the fusion of libertinage and political revolt forged by the Marquis de Sade. Indeed, Picasso's Corday seems to have sprung from Sade's exhortation to artists to portray the barbarous assassin "like those mixed beings to whom one can assign no sex," to avoid presenting her as an enchanting beauty: "break, destroy, disfigure the features of this monster!"[16] In *Le meurtre* (The Murder, 1934), Corday's hideous body contrasts with the figure in the bath, whose classical effigy, wrapped in a turban, opposes an idealized androgyny to the terrifying orality of the aggressor. Monstrosity is what creatures reveal at moments of maximum intensity.

Picasso's fascination with narrative transformation, tragicomic inversion, and role reversal, with figures of convulsive identity who reassume their characterizations in different situations and contexts, takes on multiple meanings in the Marat paintings. The characterization of the Corday figure goes beyond autobiographical references: at times she is the disturbed contemporary bourgeoise, and at others the mother of Christ, the Virgin at the foot of the cross, or the vile murderous creature.[17]

*

Religion, eroticism, and ritual sacrifice run through Picasso's work. As early as 1905 he had illustrated an episode from the death of John the Baptist, with Salome dancing, her legs apart in front of Herod, exchanging the vision of her sex for the severed head of the saint.[18]

[16] Marquis de Sade, "Discours prononcé par le Marquis de Sade à la fête décernée par la Section des Piques, aux Mânes de Marat et de Le Pelletier, par Sade, citoyen de cette section, et membre de la Société populaire" (1793), in *Œuvres complètes du Marquis de Sade*, vol. 11 (Paris: Cercle du Livre Précieux, 1967), 121. See Neil Cox, "Marat/Sade/Picasso," *Art History* 17, no. 3 (1994): 383–417.

[17] In 1950, Picasso filmed, together with Frédéric Rossif, *La mort de Charlotte Corday*, the definitive inversion of her figure. It is worth recalling that Abel Gance had filmed Antonin Artaud in the role of Marat in *Napoléon*, 1927.

[18] Pablo Picasso, *Salomé*, 1905, drypoint. Musée national Picasso-Paris. MP1903.

La meurtre (The Murder), 1934

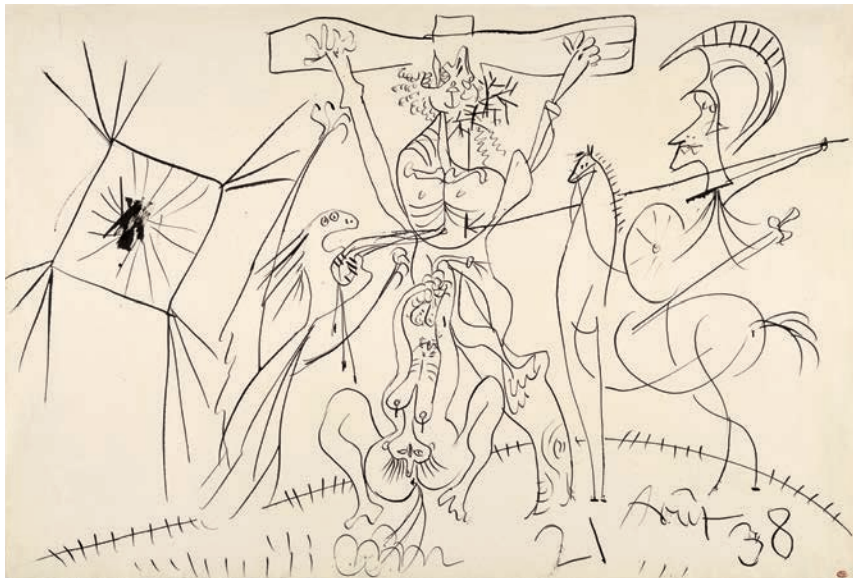
Movement links the gaze, the sex, and the horrific Gorgon. The gaze and sexuality are reversible, converting the unbearable sight of the sex into a lethal threat of decapitation, and the sex into an eye capable of projecting a paralyzing and mutilating gaze. Between 1925 and 1927, Picasso returned obsessively to the motif of decapitation.[19] In one drawing, a man standing brandishes his dagger at another who is kneeling, his arms bound, about to be beheaded. In another, the severed head lies on the ground like a "formless" residue, alongside the body squashed like a spider or spit, as Bataille said in reference to that infamous condition of things that lose the resemblance to nature when imitated by art.[20] In all these

[19] Pablo Picasso, Carnet 34, December 1926 – May 8, 1927, and Carnet 31, June 28 – August 1, 1925. Musée national Picasso-Paris.

[20] Georges Bataille, "Informe," *Documents*, no. 7 (1929): 382; translated into English as "Formless," in *Visions of Excess*, 31.

Scène de décollation (Scene of Decapitation), 1926–27

works there is the same ritual setting, an identical arrangement of the actors and the witnesses who look on at the horror. It is a scene that vaguely recalls *The Beheading of Saint John the Baptist*, painted by Caravaggio in 1602–04 for St. John's Co-Cathedral in Valletta, with the architecture of the prison as a backdrop, the doorway with its ashlar arch, and the witnesses to the execution in the window. It has been said that with this work Caravaggio heralded a new way of representing space, arranging the scene in an atmospheric density that evolves from the figures in the foreground to a broader space whose architectural references are not lost against the neutral background of darkness. The figures occupy their own territory and the air circulates between them, even if light, color, and atmosphere appear to weigh them down. Picasso takes up the theme of sacrificial beheading together with the architectural references, the arched opening through which the spectators' heads appear, and the hands resting on the window sill. He also explores the atmospheric quality with the shading of the drawing and the opening of two luminous perforations that cut through the thick darkness, forming silhouettes similar



La crucifixion (The Crucifixion), 1938

to a painter's palette and paintbrush, the latter of which mirrors the dagger.[21] The artist's tools are thus a metamorphosis of the instrument of sacrifice.

In another drawing, the body lies decapitated, exhibiting the gash where the head has been severed. Out of the doorframe appear hands and an arm endowed with eyes and nostrils pointing to the scene. These images by Picasso would give rise to the *Acéphale*, ideated by Bataille and illustrated by André Masson. This is the being who loses his head and his reason, living wholly for his drives, whose sovereign insurrection is a response to the affliction implicit to human existence. Art as an exercise in cruelty, wrote Bataille, is the image-producing sacrifice, or the image as the product of a sacrifice. The scopic drive, the abominable curiosity, finds privileged consolation in art. Images of sacrificial rites—including the crucifixion, the divine expression of the cruelty

[21] See T. J. Clark, *Picasso and Truth: From Cubism to Guernica* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2013), 164–70; and Jeremy Melius, "Inscription and Castration in Picasso's *The Painter and His Model*, 1927," *October* 151 (Winter 2015): 43–61.

of art—present destruction as a feast that attracts us precisely because it damages our integrity. It destroys us as objects, beings in isolation. The communal drive is satisfied only when the subject disappears to melt into the sameness of death. "Art, no doubt, is not restricted to the representation of horror, but its movement puts art without harm at the height of the worst and, reciprocally, the painting of horror reveals the opening onto all possibility.... Art at least has the virtue of putting a moment of our happiness on a plane equal to death."[22]

If art is exorcism, it is because it succeeds, like the primitive Eros, in uniting the opposite sexes, the masculine and the feminine, and because it reverses the disorganizing drive[23] that, in the order of classical representation, opposes—without their ever being able to meet—manliness and sex, feminine nature and the painter's eye.

Hence the "bestial monstrosity" of Picasso's creatures, the ruination of which drags down the classical body of traditional painting, the deadly trap of idealism that shuts man up in the prison of his desire, converted into the model, concept, and value of all things, and petrified in an untimely death. Picasso's radical disintegration and restructuring of the human figure is the result of rummaging, gathering residues, and recomposing them, integrating fragments and limbs from other organisms or of murky origins, giving birth to painfully constructed intense and feverish bodies, which with their monstrous eloquence confront the inexpressiveness of canonical beauty. That can be seen in the nudes reclining in claustrophobic interiors, anatomies assembled with a paraphernalia of household objects, a hybrid blend of sexes, of victim and executioner, of Marat and Corday reunited in the gantic pen, the right arm, and the wooden drawer, the modest furnishing deployed by David, which now contains the feminine

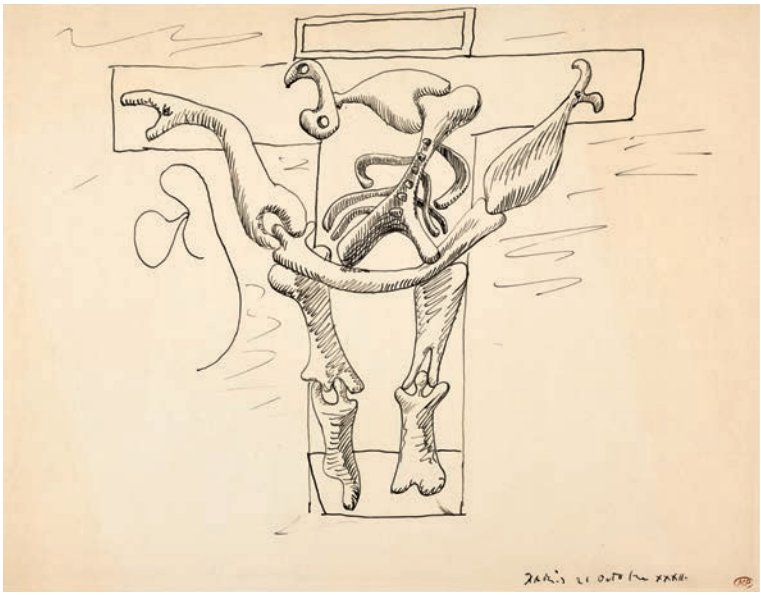
[22] Georges Bataille, "L'Art, exercice de cruauté," *Médecine de France*, no. 4 (1949): 23; translated into English as "The Cruel Practice of Art," trans. Supervert32C Inc. (1993), available online at http://supervert.com/elibrary/georges_bataille/cruel_practice_of_art (accessed February 7, 2017).

[23] Jean Clair, *Une leçon d'abîme. Neuf approches de Picasso* (Paris: Gallimard, 2005), 48.

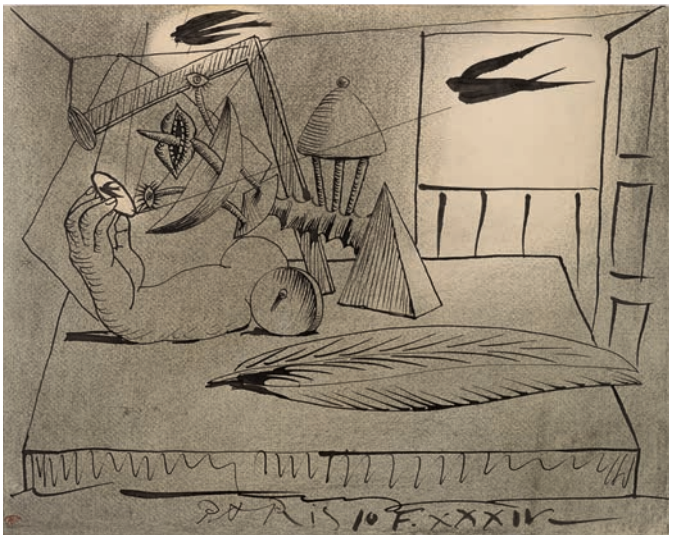
sex, cruelly analogous to the mortal wound. The perverse eroticism of the disjointed figures, with the protruding tongue of the hysterical, the vertical smile, the erectile eyes, and the swallow reflected in the small mirror, strangely recall the religious model of the martyrdom of Marat painted by David, with the fusion of violence and sexuality latent in the erotic presence of the corpse, which Picasso later transposed to a series of studies for the crucifixion, and to two in particular. One, dating from 1930, shows the female figure twisted about herself, her head down, her nose between her buttocks, and the orifice of her mouth shown vertically, as she explores eroticized variations of hysteria that will give shape to the despairing and ecstatic Magdalene of the crucifixions, specifically that of August 21, 1938, where she is at the foot of a cross that turns into a contorted scaffold. Her body is inversely symmetrical with Christ's, with the arms spread wide, the nose erect, and the tongue sticking out. Magdalene's dishevelled body, with the head hanging and the nose pointing down, grabs Christ's sex with her hands, causing him to scream, while a Corday transfigured into Mary bites an umbilical cord. In August 1938, when the Spanish Civil War was witnessing some of its most terrible moments, this Crucifixion, writes Juan José Lahuerta, points to the ground, to the blood, to the feces, to the orifices of the body, and to the wounds that tear it open. "This dramatic, obscene exhibition of the sex of Christ in the hands of a Mary Magdalene who is literally torn apart, the mere skin of herself, explains the only way Picasso could interpret the Crucifixion at this time: as a negation of divinity and an exaltation of humanity. We may say that this fractured Crucifixion responds to nothing more than the 'human, all too human,' when words no longer serve."[24]

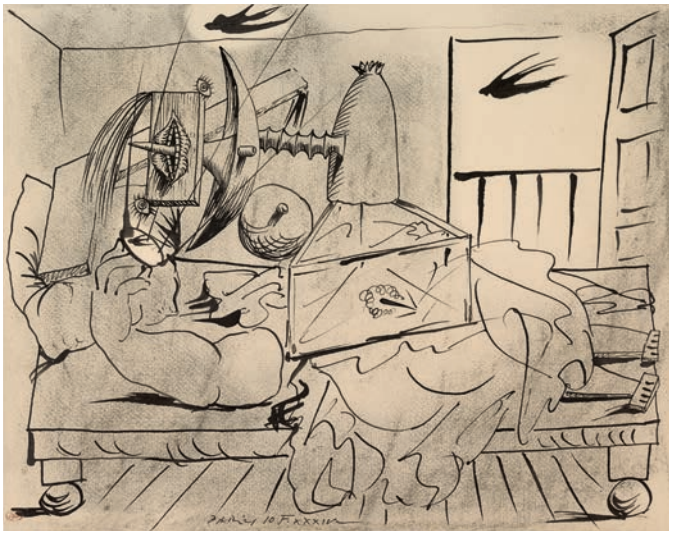
Breton, who hated *Guernica*, must have trembled when he beheld this Crucifixion and saw what *should* be, what *would* be.

[24] Juan José Lahuerta, *Religious Painting: Pablo Picasso and Max von Moos* (Berlin: De Gruyter, 2015), 33–34.

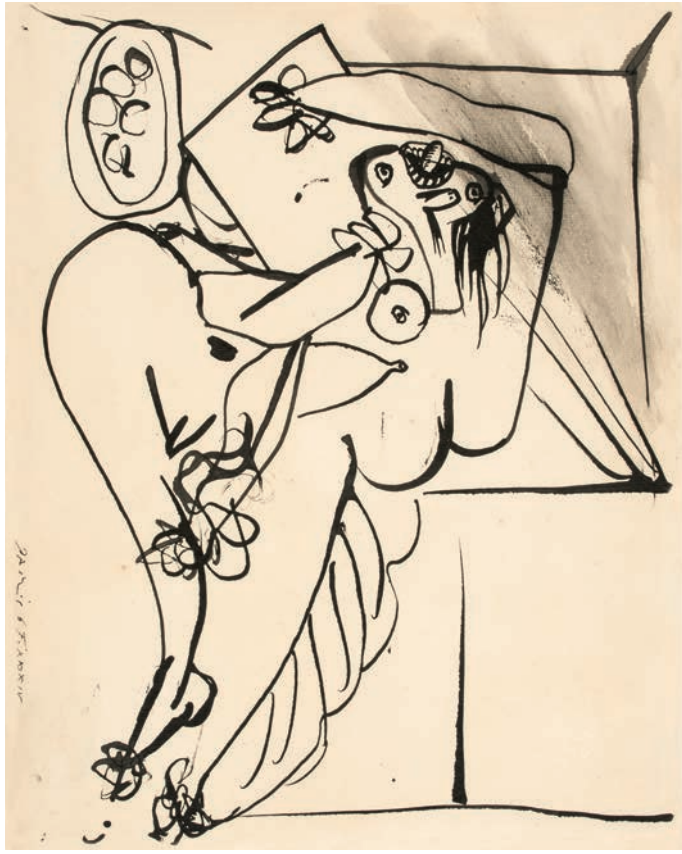


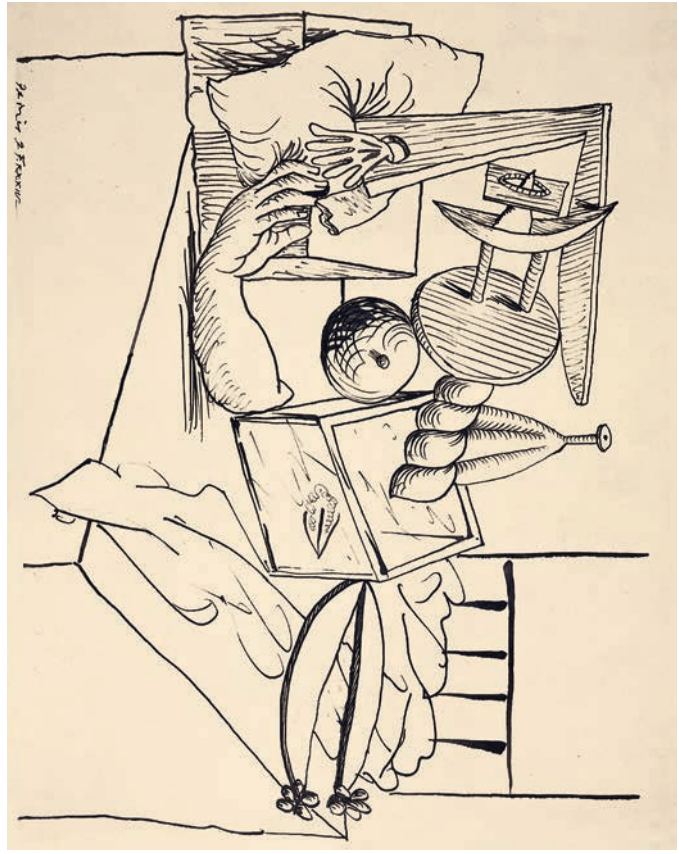
La crucifixion (The Crucifixion), 1932
La crucifixion (The Crucifixion), 1932



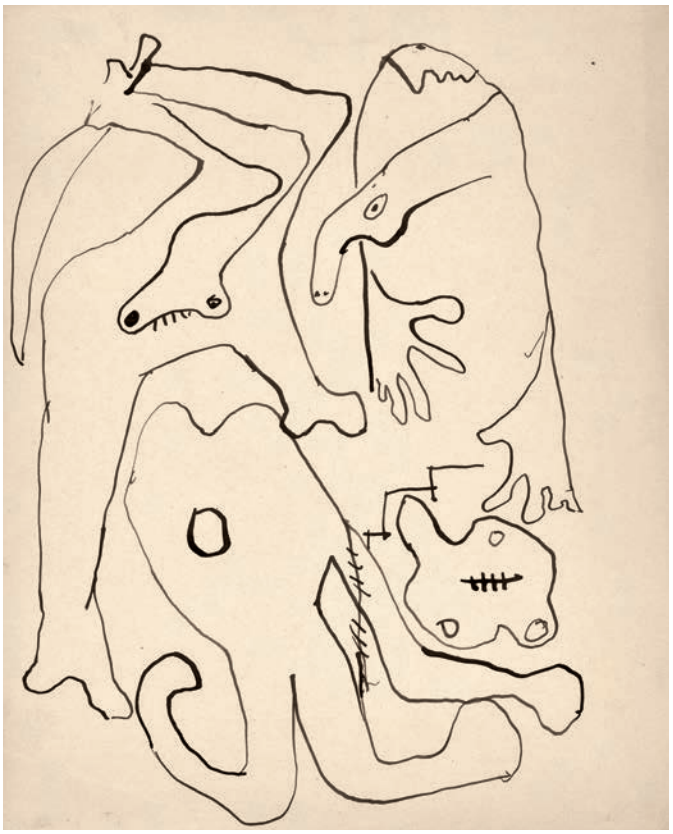


Intérieur aux hirondelles, I (Interior with Swallows, I), 1934
Intérieur aux hirondelles, II (Interior with Swallows, II), 1934

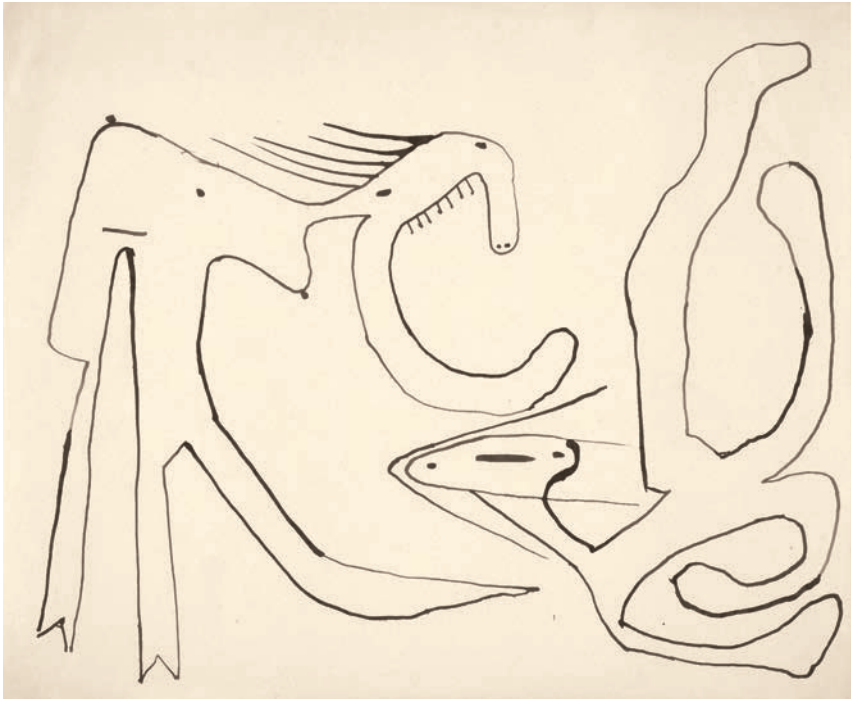




Composition, 1934
Nu couché (Reclining Nude), 1934



Scène de décollation (Scene of Decapitation), 1926–27



Couple, 1927

Studies for *La femme qui pleure* (The Weeping Woman), 1937

Mater dolorosa
The Women of *Guernica*

Anne M. Wagner

The woman weeps forever as if her tears
Would wash away the blood and broken limbs

Ruthven Todd, 1939[1]

Themes

Picasso was a painter of themes. Themes, not subjects or "subject matter": this was a distinction he was at pains to point out. The context was a conversation reported by the writer André Malraux, who placed it in 1937, apparently just before *Guernica* left the artist's studio for the Paris International Exposition. Perhaps rashly, Malraux remarked that though neither man put much stock in "subject matter," on this occasion, in painting the great mural, his subject had served Picasso well ("cette fois, le sujet vous aura bien servi").[2]

The artist promptly disagreed: far from offering him a subject, *Guernica* had given him a theme. What did he mean? Not simply an idea or topic, but a human universal to be expressed "symbolically," by some time-honored emblem or sign: death as a skull, said Picasso, not a car crash.

Here is how Malraux remembered Picasso's list:

[1] Ruthven Todd, "For Pablo Picasso: The Drawings for Guernica," *Poetry* 54, no. 2 (May 1939): 91.

[2] André Malraux, *La Tête d'obsidienne* (Paris: Gallimard, 1974), 41–42; translated into English as *Picasso's Mask*, trans. June Guicharnaud with Jacques Guicharnaud (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1976), 39.

> What he considered themes (I quote) were birth, pregnancy, suffering, murder, the couple, death, rebellion, and, perhaps, the kiss.... Nobody could be ordered to express them, but when a great painter encounters them, they inspire him.[3]

This is a formidable set of human constants, and an unexpected one, or so Malraux believed. Hence the briefly inserted "je cite," a phrase to cue the reader's close attention. It is good advice: Picasso's themes focus on the extremes of intimate bodily experience. No one could question their place in the bedrock of human existence. Their prominence in the European pictorial tradition, by contrast, is less secure.[4] Consider the traditional topics his inventory omits: on the one hand, the gods and heroes, no matter how sacred, triumphant, or transcendent; on the other, human vanity, ritual sacrifice, and the violence of the hunt. In *Guernica*, all are absent. Instead, as Malraux tells it, to speak of "subjects" to Picasso was to provoke him into cataloguing the crucial stages of the human experience, cradle to grave. In that context the relevance of revolt or rebellion seems something of an afterthought, a mere add-on to the primal cycles of survival. In any event, revolution is not what the painting's stark pantomime depicts. Instead it conjures the explosive clash of life and death in a frozen tableau.

Within this radical opposition, animals and women are the ones that survive. It is their lot to suffer and mourn. The women bare their breasts. A child is dead. With these motifs Picasso leaves behind thoughts of the kiss and the couple, birth and pregnancy, for a larger drama: in *Guernica*, human reproduction is exposed to

[3] "Il appelait thèmes (je cite) la naissance, la grossesse, la souffrance, le meurtre, le couple, la mort, la révolte, peut-être le baiser.... On ne pouvait jamais les exprimer sur commande, mais quand un grand peintre les rencontrait, ils lui donnaient du génie." Ibid. (translation modified).

[4] Picasso might well point to the relevance of the long tradition of sculpture where his chosen themes are concerned. It is striking that after the discovery in 1922 of the so-called Venus of Lespugue, in the Rideaux cave in the foothills of the Pyrenees, the artist ordered two casts of it for his own collection. His first effort at sculpting a pregnant body, however, came considerably later, in 1949, although it seems arguable that its influence was felt by 1930.

mortal threat. Yet this dimension to Picasso's story is absent from most accounts of *Guernica*. Why? Does the omission stem from an unacknowledged embarrassment at the insistent bodiliness of the artist's chosen terms? Or have *Guernica*'s initial place in the politics of its moment and its ongoing role in later struggles against violence and injustice combined to overshadow the biological politics the mural brings to the fore? No one should imagine that Malraux was misremembering Picasso's comment, or conclude that the artist did not mean—could not have meant—precisely what he said. Birth and pregnancy, maternity and infancy, are among his mural's crucial themes: "je cite."

Mothers and Lovers

Guernica was bombed by the Nazi Condor Legion on the afternoon and evening of Monday, April 26, 1937—the traditional market day in the medieval Basque town. News of the attack evidently reached Picasso through the report published two days later in the Paris daily *L'Humanité*. Famously, the lead article, "Mille bombes incendiaires lancées par les avions de Hitler et Mussolini" (A Thousand Incendiary Bombs Dropped by Hitler's and Mussolini's Planes), was accompanied by a photograph of the corpses of two female victims lying in a street. Not, however, a street in Guernica: the photo records an attack on another Spanish city. The reader is not told which one. Yet when death is made placeless, its victims become ciphers. Here this is certainly the case. Simply consider the accompanying caption, which omnisciently asserts, "Ci-dessus, quelques femmes—des mères sans doute—abattues en cours d'un bombardement." (Below, some women—undoubtedly mothers—slaughtered during a bombardment.)[5]

L'Humanité cites no source for this assertion, perhaps because none was needed. In other words, female victims were mothers, "sans doute." How could it be otherwise, when the bearing

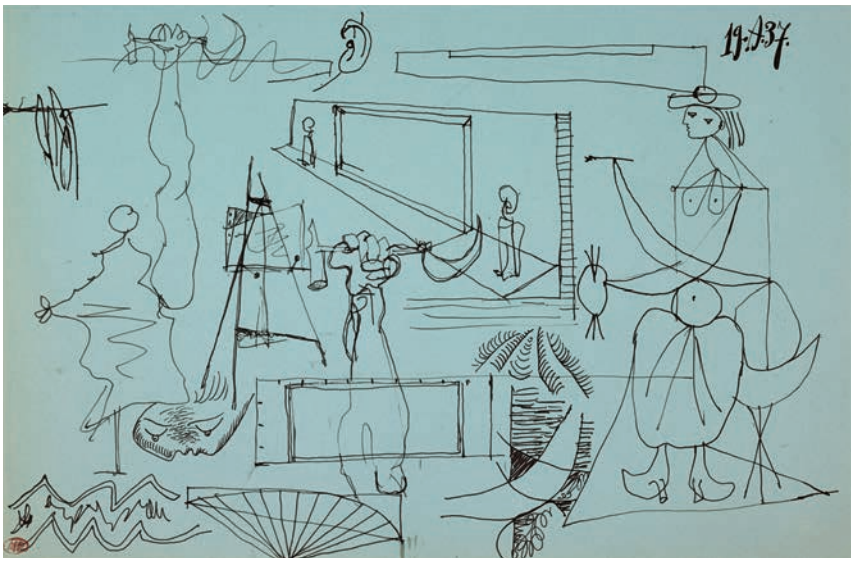
[5] *L'Humanité*, April 28, 1938. Available at http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k407068t/f1 (accessed March 8, 2017).

of children served to define women's role? At a moment when the damage wartime violence inflicted on its innocent victims became a Republican leitmotif, women are assumed to be mothers, and mothers cannot—should not—die alone.

Like its sources, Picasso's painting was intended to take sides in the same combat. Yet the image it offers did not develop "sans doute"; instead its composition was transformed in rapid revisions, not merely of particular details, but more sweepingly in the composition's overall spatial logic and dramatic force. That these changes were accomplished through a notoriously experimental process was established long ago. Yet no one has yet explored the various ways in which Picasso's work on *Guernica* reveals, or betrays, the layers of complexity buried in his list of themes. These move well beyond the obvious fact that birth and pregnancy were both bodily processes with a recurrent role in his life. Some eighteen months before the bombing of Guernica, the artist's mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter had given birth to a daughter, his second and Walter's only child. But more important to the story of the mural, if one follows its genesis in the drawings of April and early May, is the larger question Picasso's themes presented: How can the maternal body, whether pregnant with promised life or the source of the infant's ongoing sustenance, be made to bear the marks of death? How could the painter find the means to convey such mortal threats? How to make a start in imagining them? In the bombing of Guernica, this was the problem Picasso made his own.

The opening toward the "theme" of maternity came late in the day. Herschel B. Chipp has shown that the painter initially planned an enormous depiction of an artist's studio, painter and model included; it was not quite room-sized, but still carefully plotted to dominate one long wall in Josep Lluís Sert's Spanish Pavilion at the 1937 International Exposition.[6] Not only did the

[6] Herschel B. Chipp, with a chapter by Javier Tusell, *Picasso's Guernica: History, Transformations, Meanings* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 58. The art historian credits Marie-Laure Besnard-Bernadac for introducing him to this remarkable series of images.



Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Painter and His Model): Arm Holding a Sickle and a Hammer, 1937

artist think through the necessary dimensions, but in an astonishing pen-and-ink drawing of April 19, 1937, he also went so far as to sketch the installation he envisioned: the idea was that the huge canvas would be flanked by two symmetrically placed pedestals, each bearing a grave and thoughtful bust of Marie-Thérèse.[7] It seems a strange notion: the result looks oddly formal, even artificial, as if the artist was using sculpture to frame, and thereby contain, his picture's painted world.[8]

[7] Dated April 19, 1937, the artist's drawing makes clear that in envisioning the installation, he had gone so far as to foresee the construction of a low platform—presumably only a few inches off the floor—running the full length of the wall. Not only would it have formalized the placement of the two busts, but it would also have served as a barrier of sorts between Picasso's exhibit (painting and sculptures) and its public.

[8] Both cement busts survive. Unique casts, they were produced in Spring 1937 for exhibition in the Spanish Pavilion, and in the end were shown there, on the second floor. See *Buste de femme* (Bust of a Woman), 1931, cast 1937. Musée national Picasso-Paris, Dation Pablo Picasso, 1979, MP299; and *Tête de femme* (Head of a Woman), 1931–32, cast 1937. Musée Picasso, Antibes, Gift of the artist, 1950. MPA1950.3.2.

A strange world it was: as Chipp shows, only the day before planning how the mural might be sited, Picasso had completed a series of drawings that, step by step, led him to this penultimate stage. There were twelve sketched in all, each numbered and dated; it is as if that process served, the very next day, to catapult his thoughts ahead to the installation of the final work. And then he put the project aside until after Guernica was bombed on April 26.[9] On May 1, 1937, he began all over again, to produce the mural we know.

Yet despite the enormous disjunction between ideas one and two, it would be wrong to conclude that the second time around Picasso started from scratch. The ongoing civil war in Spain made it increasingly obvious that for a Spanish artist who supported the Republic a mural depicting a painter in his studio could only have seemed an evasion. I suspect that Picasso began to realize this in the course of the April day in 1937 he devoted to mapping that initial idea. Early in the process, his composition—it included the figure of a painter, a model reclining on a *canapé*, and a picture window—received two crucial additions: an electric ceiling lamp and a spotlight shining from its place on the studio floor.[10]

As the ensuing drawings demonstrate, the artist then began to ring the changes on the spectacular qualities implied by this compositional idea. The placement of the spotlight began to vary, which inevitably modified the triangular path of its light. Soon enough, its triangle was played off against the horizontal rectangle of the picture window at the right of the studio space. As Chipp suggested nearly thirty years ago, both devices—light and window—anticipate strategies the finished mural deploys. Yet what he does not say is that the degree of artifice imposed by such an episodic structure ultimately splintered the painting's already fragile structure. There was no going back.

[9] A thirteenth, a roughly sketched light fixture, was left undated. For this sheet, the Musée Picasso ventures only an approximate date, April 18–19, 1937.

[10] Interestingly, Picasso labeled the components of his composition, as if to insist that however reductive their drawn outlines, each feature was to play a figurative role within the whole.

To look again at the key set of "studio" studies is to grasp how the impasse was reached. Part of the problem derived from Picasso's worry about his painting's eventual destination. The wall the painter was allotted in Sert's structure was not only long but also low, and though the space was windowed along the right side of the canvas, the ground-floor site was still dark enough to mean that floodlights were needed for the exposition's full run. No wonder the painter took an active interest in the eventual site of his mural, including the question of its proportions with regard to its ultimate site. Picasso's chosen solution, which observed a ratio of 1:2.2, famously yielded a canvas longer than the longest wall in his rue des Grands-Augustins studio, but to that solution he clung.

Perhaps none of this seems particularly consequential, not least when set against the pity and terror of the painting's final composition. But recall that these carefully calculated proportions dictated even the initial design: the mural devoted to painter and model in the studio, so ceremonially flanked with two rapt and pensive female busts. And unlike the artist's late 1920s treatments of the studio interior—its space flattened and patterned by the arbitrary impact of light—this new treatment of the subject was conceived as a three-dimensional illusion of space, though not in standard shoe-box mode. Instead its volume was to be oddly irregular, deeper along one side than the other, as well as capable, or so the artist imagined, of containing an imaginary arc of the sort that could be inscribed by a compass with its point fixed at the place in the studio where both artist and viewer were to stand.

If this sounds complicated, there is every reason to believe that the painter thought so too. The last in the sequence of drawings made on April 18—the sheet labeled "XII"[11]—reveals a collection of diagrams of various sorts. The result shows sketches

[11] Picasso's drawings for his mural are customarily known by two numbering systems. The artist himself made use of Roman numerals to distinguish the order in which he produced images made on the same day. Another set of numbers, written in Arabic numerals, was assigned by the American scholar Herschel B.

accumulating in every corner of the artist's paper: two views in perspective, one partly scribbled over and abandoned; two plans of the space, as seen from above; an image of the depicted space of the mural, seen head-on, and shown as if it could open up the wall behind it; finally, two multiply segmented circles that plot angles of vision from a single vantage point—the viewer's position, presumably, but also that of the artist, here anticipating the need, as the mural's maker, to adopt a stable point of view. Little wonder that in the last drawing in this sequence, the still more hectic pen-and-ink drawing of April 19, any pretense of stability had again become unbalanced in a clash of motifs: hammer and sickle meet paintbrush and painter, and *he* is now *she*.

There is no document that states why Picasso abandoned this first idea. All that remains is the one set of studies. But it seems clear from the drawings that having returned to the familiar subject of the studio, the painter found it newly intractable, and ultimately insoluble. Against the light of the window was pitted the spectacle of the spotlight; against the depth of depicted space was an unruly internal geometry; and within all this, the figures of both painter and model were subjected to the increasing pressure of their assigned places in the whole. How striking it seems that in study XII, the figure of the model, initially envisioned reclining on a *canapé*, has become so comically misshapen—woman as a gourd or a phallus, or both. And as for the painter, whose presence is required, s/he has been all but erased by a slicing plane of light.

Why did Picasso find this project so difficult? Why did he put it aside? Both questions seem pressing, given that for decades before and after *Guernica* he relied on, even reveled in, the subject of artist and model; it was a favorite motif. Might the answer lie in his increasing awareness that such a self-absorbed subject could not meet the standards of a theme? Is this why so few of his ideas for the studio composition survive in the mural, as recast?

Chipp and follows not only the dates the artist used to identify each work as it was produced but also Chipp's own sense of the formal logic of the sequence.

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle*
(The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937

Most evident is the structuring role taken by a central pyramid of light. Less so is the possible relevance of birth and pregnancy. Yet surprisingly enough, both figured in the only close study of the model contained in the first set of drawings. Even more striking is the fact that the way the model is depicted in that context seems unexpectedly consequential for the final composition of the mural—its terrible drama of animals, women, and death.

The drawing, VI in the series, depicts the model as she lies asleep.[12] Her mouth is open, both breasts are visible, and her head is cradled in one arm. All this is entirely in keeping with the conventions of artists' drawings of their models. Yet this drawing is hardly run-of-the-mill. What seems most remarkable, perhaps, is its isolation of the model's sensory organs—eyes, mouth and tongue, vulva, hands and fingers, nostrils and nipples. In every case, the detail defamiliarizes. Hands become udders, eyes resemble spiders, the tongue is a knife blade, and as for the close-up of a nipple, its aureole and milk ducts have begun to bubble

[12] Picasso dated the sheet "18-A-37."

Composition Study [VI]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Horse and Mother with Dead Child: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Mother with Dead Child [I]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937

Mother with Dead Child on Ladder [I]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937

and foam. Chipp presents these details as betraying a "terrible ferocity," an "ambiguous, as yet unnamed, threat or promise of violence."[13] I prefer a rather more nuanced explanation: Might these features invoke at least some of the characteristics of the body of a lactating mother, who is still nursing an infant less than two years old? And could it not be that Picasso's ferocity, so called, might well register his alienation from a body he can no longer control?

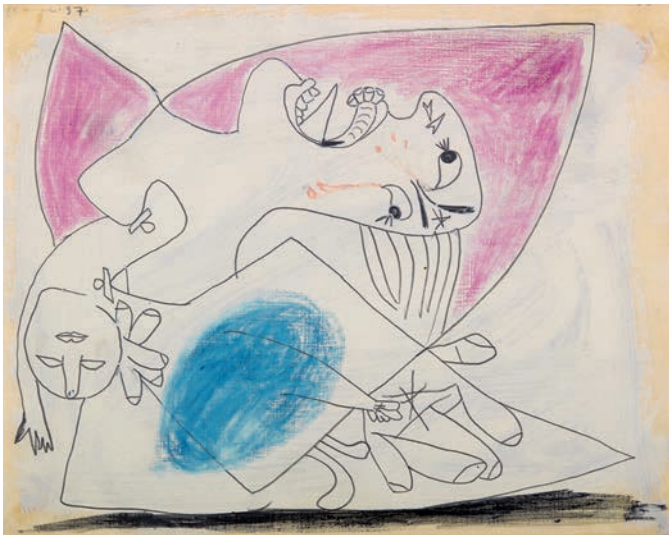
A month later, this first theme of the artist in the studio was a thing of the past. German bombs had carpeted Guernica, machine guns had strafed the onslaught's survivors, and on

[13] Chipp, *Picasso's Guernica*, 62.

May 1, 1937, Picasso returned to work. Again he made a series of sketches in quick succession, in a process that continued late into June. By late July, the mural had been installed, photographed, and discussed in the press. Ever since there was much to say. Yet what has never been analyzed is how bombs, suffering, and women—"des mères sans doute"—go together in the final work.

Of Picasso's nearly fifty studies for the final mural, eight make those connections painfully clear. They also show that right at the start of things the only female figure to be part of the picture was the woman with the lamp: part genie, part allegory, her bare breasts served to unmoor her bodily presence, perhaps even to set her afloat. As a figure of truth, she had no body at all. And her weightlessness meant that when the maternal body did enter the composition in two studies, 12 and 13 (both drawn on May 8), embodiment in general—the horror of the body's vulnerability—enters with it. For the first time blood is present, seeming to collect between the mother's breasts and her dead infant's body, only to pool at the wailing woman's knees. More than this, in the second of these two drawings, the coming together of the mother's hands and the baby's buttocks, her breasts and his blood, matches the dreadfulness of the moment with an intricacy of pattern that cannot help but transfix.

The patterning of bodies and blood made for effects the artist went on to pursue. This is clear from subsequent versions of the image, where this fraught animation gathers force. In the drawing Chipp numbers Sketch 14, a pen-and-ink study dated by the artist May 9, 1937, a kneeling woman, mantilla floating, again clutches her dead infant's body against her breast. Blood flows from around her hand, down the child's arm and legs, and collects in a dense pool on the floor. Then, in Sketch 16, the frantic woman climbs a ladder while clasping the corpse closely with one arm. Meanwhile blood pours, then pools, from a wound in her neck. Here echoing orbs of baby's head and mother's breasts only amplify the fullness of her belly's pendant curve. Is this pregnancy? If so, its companions, as Picasso insisted, are suffering and death.



Mother with Dead Child [III]: Sketch for Guernica, 1937
Mother with Dead Child [IV]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937

Picasso returned to this same pairing in a second drawing, Sketch 21. It too takes its orientation from the upright ladder, but while the first version used pencil, the sequel turned to vivid crayon. The difference is vast. Blood red explodes against the deathly green outlines of both bodies; purple and blue fight against brilliant orange and yellow; dark penciled vectors press against an apocalypse of light. And yet nothing from this spectacle of terror made its way into the subtle starkness that shapes the final work.

There are two more drawings from this month-long series in which mother and child are reprised one final time. Sketches 36 and 37 were both made on May 28. Neither of these is particularly close to the mural's final composition, yet both show the artist continuing to advance the terror and pathos inherent in pregnancy and birth. In the first of these, which again shows a mother with her lifeless baby, both figures are traced in interlinking outline, as if to suggest one body, not two. And as in the sketch that follows, a spinning blue shape, neither egg nor orb, whirs through the space. Womb or bomb? It is both. The same conflation occurs in the idea of an "iron embryo," the terrifying phrase devised by C. Day Lewis to name the falling bombs that rain from heavy angels, the bombers burdened with "wombs that ache to be rid of death."[14]

The same deadly shape reappears in Sketch 37, this time in both black and blue. Now its dual function is clear: the blue disc attaches to the figure of the mother, while the dark whirlwind hovering before her has yet to hit ground and explode. Above it hangs a single heavy sausage of a breast. Or is this form another lethal weapon, as its ribbed and reinforced casing

[14] C. Day Lewis, in his poem "Bombers," first published in *Overtures to Death and Other Poems* (London: J. Cape, 1938), reprinted in *The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse*, ed. Valentine Cunningham (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1980), 170–71. Readers are also referred to my book *Mother Stone: The Vitality of Modern British Sculpture* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2005) for a study of the role of human reproduction in the theory and practice of early twentieth-century British sculpture.

would seem to suggest?[15] And what are we to make of this nipple, which resembles nothing more closely than the nursing nipple so myopically examined in the artist's pencil study of his sleeping mistress, the drawing that the artist dated April 18, 1937 and labeled Study VI.

Black bomb, blue womb: if one seems barren, the other brings death. Would it be right to say that its oblivion comes late to this screaming mother? Her baby already hangs limp, impaled by the point of a sword. The sword drips blood. More blood seeps through her fingers. She is caught in the jaws of a trap. Her own death approaches, or so the artist insists. She alone, of all these mothers, has hair—real hair—on her head. Its role seems funereal: one final talisman, clipped and hoarded once death has come.

Weeping Women

Well before the completion of his mural, Picasso produced the drawings that would initiate the long series of compositions—paintings and prints as well as drawings—now known collectively as *Weeping Women*. Consider Sketch 32, which the artist dated May 24, 1937. Few images by this or any other artist are more unrelentingly insistent on making the torment depicted our own. Here is a creature—a woman—who seems to gag on the taste of her pain. What could be more tortured, yet at the same time so horribly alive? W. H. Auden's phrase seems apposite, though he has a tyrant in mind, a dictator who "when he cried, the little children died in the streets."[16] Picasso's drawings, we might say, took up the problem of depicting what happens next, after the

[15] Sketch 37 seems in many ways the most disconcerting of all the drawings Picasso made for his mural. In addition to the qualities noted in the body of the text are: (a) the artist's inclusion of a mass of human hair atop the head of the screaming mother; and (b) the presence of the feature that in my text I name the "riveted nipple."

[16] Auden's poem is "Epitaph on a Tyrant," dated January 1939 and published in W. H. Auden, *Another Time* (New York: Random House, 1940).

Study for Weeping Head [II]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937

children are dead.[17] His answer shows them mourned by mothers made monstrous by their loss.

That nothing in the mural the artist would soon exhibit reaches the radical intensity of these studies makes sense. What Picasso needed to arouse in his viewers was horrified revulsion, certainly, but also identification. The bombing of Guernica unleashed unprovoked destruction, yet the bombs also ignited a struggle to survive. Women and animals are the protagonists of

[17] This is the question addressed by Norman Rosten in "Spanish Sequence," published in his *The Fourth Decade and Other Poems* (New York: Farrar Rinehart, 1943). A few lines from Rosten's poem are reprinted in Elena Cueto Asin, "Guernica and *Guernica* in British and American Poetry," *The Volunteer*, September 17, 2012, consulted online at http://www.albavolunteer.org/2012/09/guernica-and-guernica-in-british-and-american-poetry/ (accessed November 28, 2016).

that uneven contest: they scream and stagger, mourn and burst into flame. All this, and more: to look at these figures is to see that although they may have survived the conflagration, their bodies inevitably bear the marks of the bombs' fatal force. No one escapes. Here is the mother with the corpse of her baby, bewailing its fate to the pitiless sky. From the start her role in the final composition was repeatedly studied. It is her child who bleeds, her child who dies, her mouth that screams. Yet in the mural the damage inflicted on her and her baby has left the former frozen and the latter limp. Instead the bomb's impact travels throughout the composition, resounding again and again. Flames and tongues and nipples come to knifepoints. Palms and soles are slashed with crosscuts. The body of the stumbling woman at the right is in ruins: the signs of its plenitude—its capacity to nurture—have been crushed and deflated. The full is now flat. What remains is eerily transparent, with both bones and entrails newly visible within.

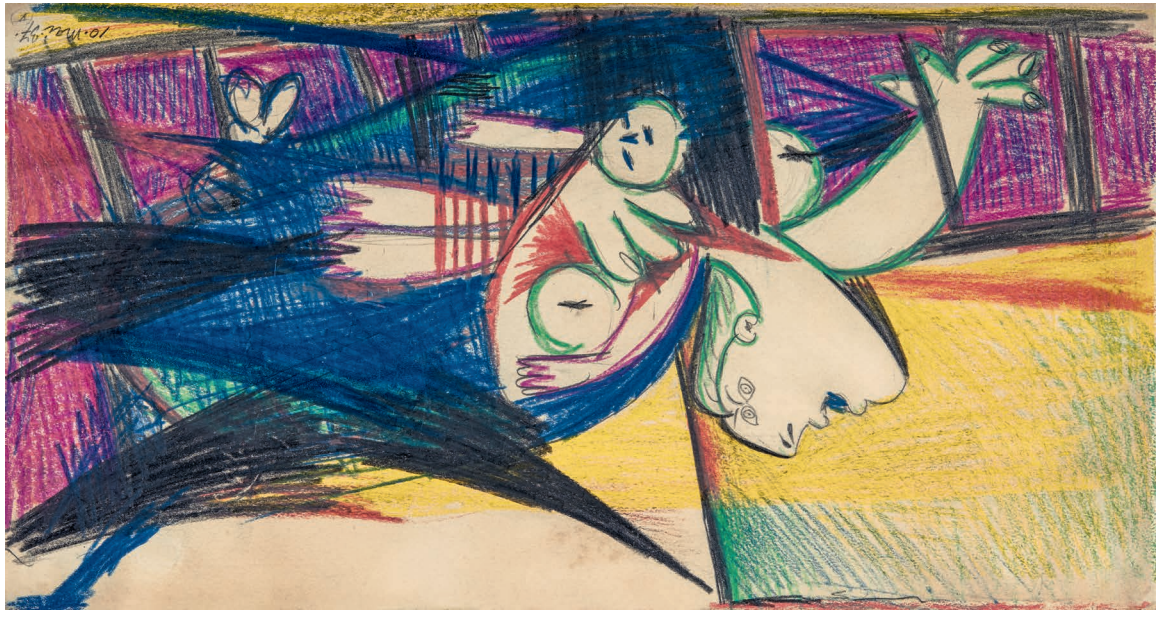
The list of deformations goes on. Finally, and most fatally, consider what happens to the breasts of the stumbling woman, which as she rushes forward are fully exposed. Like several of the mothers in Picasso's preparatory drawings—look back at Sketch 36, for example—she too comes possessed of one last deformation, the shockingly robotic, or perhaps machinic, mutation of her breasts. Their newly denatured structure suggests that once sensate flesh has been remade as metal fixture—a trigger or a stopper, perhaps, but in any case nothing sustaining of life. Such a device would not look out of place on a gun or a robot, but might best be used in arming a missile or grenade. Surely no present-day reader needs reminding that both weapons aim at indiscriminate terror and death.

What to call this strange new deformation of the body? Shall we label it a "riveted nipple," for want of a better term? If the phrase seems apposite, surely it is because within this obscene conception lurks the specter of a fully weaponized fertility—the mother as bomb. Similar menace bristles in other features of the bodies in this mural: ghastly dagger tongues bristle on

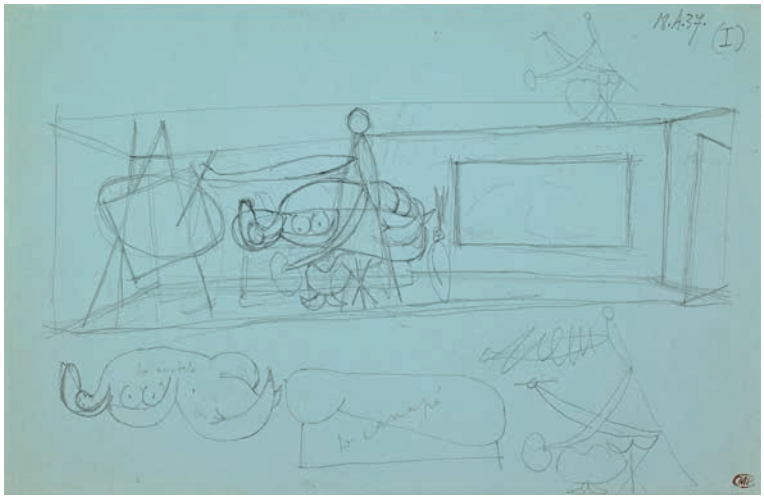
both animals and humans; ears are pricked; finger and toenails sharp-spiked; and most explosively, it eventually becomes clear that the bristling weaponry (part mine, part mace) in the corner of the lamp bearer's window should be read as two breasts and a hand. How difficult they are to decipher, and how appalling the vision when at last we make it out! Is this Picasso's answer to the Nazi vision of the armored fascist male? Here, at the empathetic heart of his huge composition, the bombs hold sway. Women's wombs seem cursed. And what else might we take to be the fate of the female body, when such toxic weapons are in use? As *Guernica* once showed us, as today's wars likewise insist, aerial warfare leaves only deformation, devastation, in its wake. Bombs make dying infants of us all.

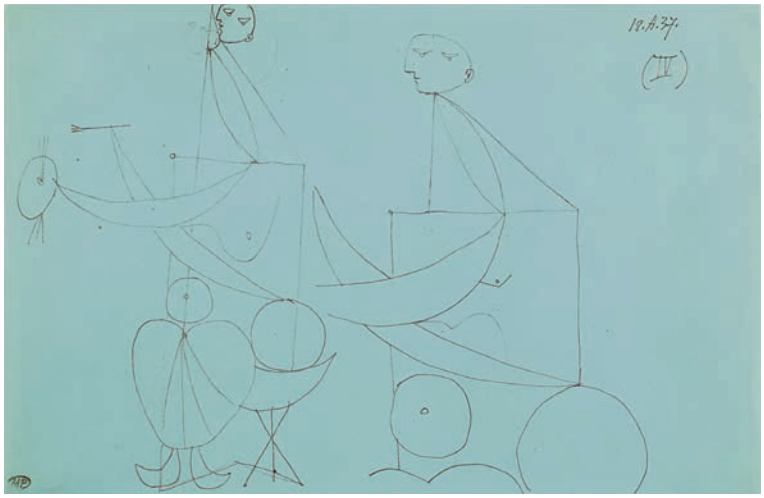
One final thought: although we are used to thinking about *Guernica* as an antiwar painting, we do not often award Picasso the terrible distinction of having fully recognized and represented the savage horror of the bomb, its deadly threat to life. Long ago the mad old Lear longed to bring down on his enemies "the terrors of the earth."[18] He could not; he could not even begin to imagine what they were. Alas, now we know all too well.

[18] William Shakespeare, *King Lear*, Act 2, Scene 4 [282].



Mother with Dead Child on Ladder [II]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937





Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle*
(The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
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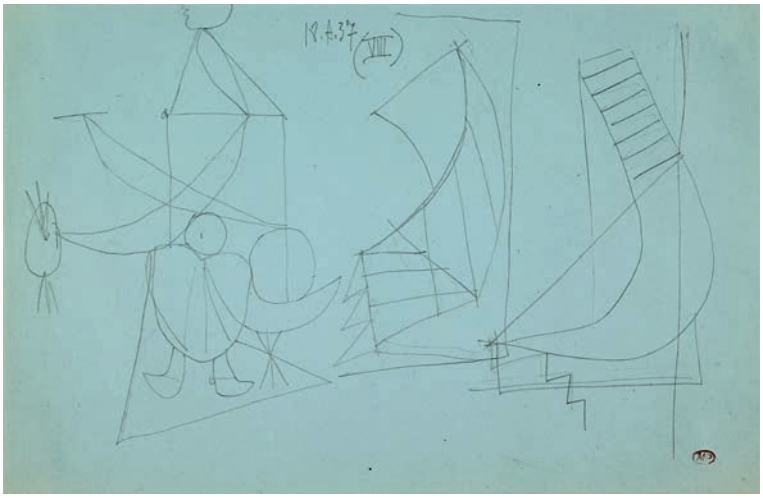

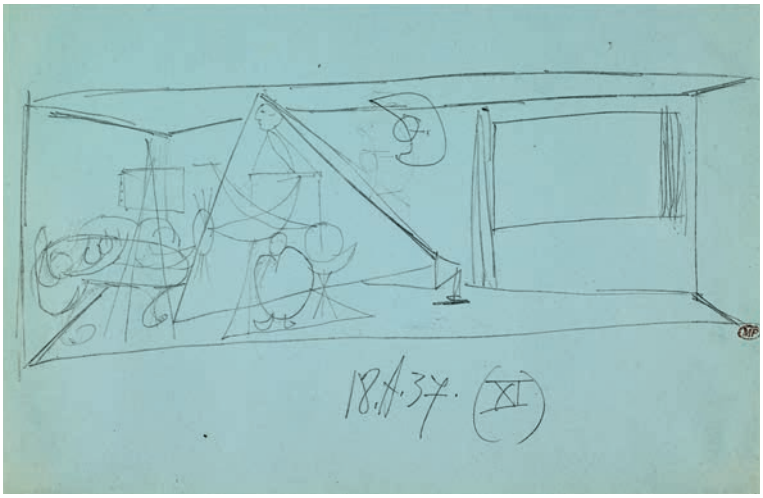

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle*
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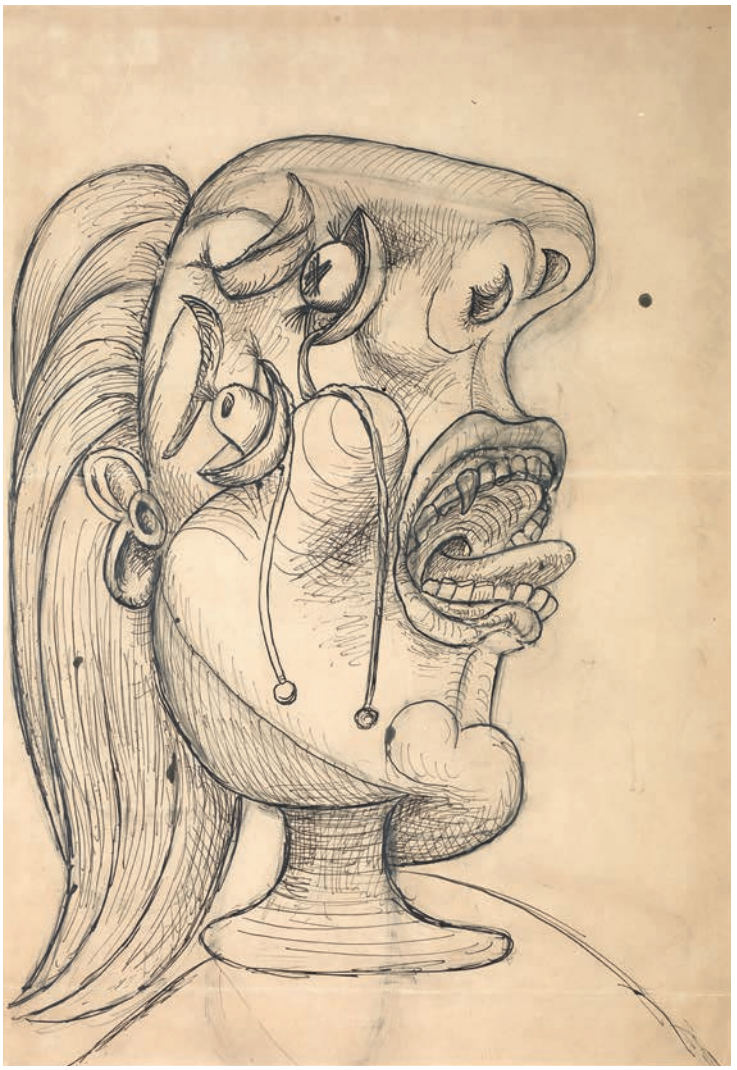
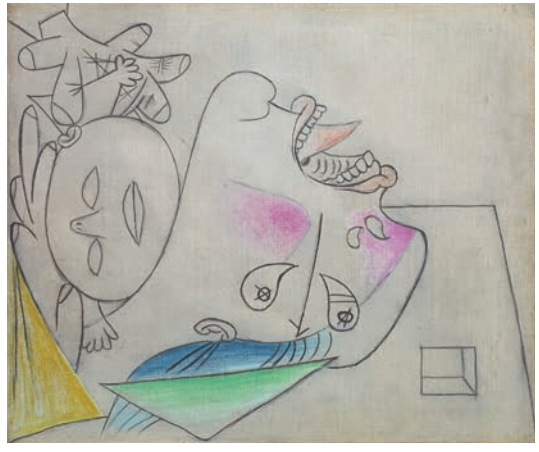


Weeping Head [VIII]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937



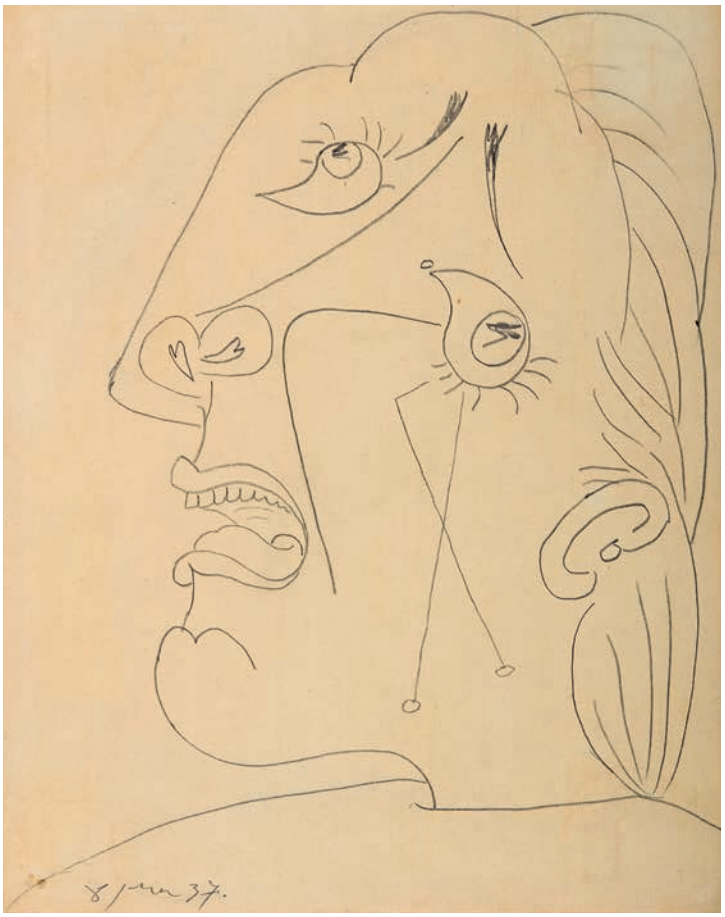
Mother with Dead Child [I]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Weeping Woman's Head [I]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Weeping Head [V]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Weeping Head [VI]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Mother with Dead Child [II]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937

Mother with Dead Child [II]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Weeping Head [VII]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Weeping Head with Handkerchief [I]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937



Weeping Head [IV]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Weeping Woman's Head with Handkerchief [I]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Weeping Woman's Head with Handkerchief [II]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Weeping Woman's Head with Handkerchief [II]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937

Le crayon qui parle (The Speaking Pencil), 1936

Guernica, 1937

Figure de femme inspirée par la guerre d'Espagne (Figure of a Woman Inspired by the War of Spain), 1937

Figure, 1937

Picasso in London

T. J. Clark

Guernica and its studies were shown in London in October 1938, at the New Burlington Gallery, the proceeds of the exhibition going toward Spanish refugee relief. Of the texts reprinted here, only Herbert Read's article in the *London Bulletin*, "Picasso's *Guernica*," responds directly to the mural's British showing. The earlier exchanges between Anthony Blunt, Read, and Roland Penrose date from October 1937. Blunt begins his hostile account of Picasso with the etching series *Sueño y mentira de Franco* (Dream and Lie of Franco, 1937) in his sights: it is hard to tell how familiar he is with *Guernica*, though he mentions the mural's "nightmare atmosphere" in passing. Read's reply a week later refers specifically to "the great mural which dominates the Spanish pavilion at the Paris exhibition," where "hundreds of thousands of people have seen it and, as I can testify from personal observation, accepted it with the respect and wonder which all great works of art inspire."

Slowly but surely, *Guernica* enters the debate between the two writers, despite Blunt's efforts to keep *Sueño y mentira de Franco* center stage. He needs to—because the essence of his argument is the claim that for Picasso "painting is not a popular art, but the last refinement of a private art produced by certain conditions, and that therefore, in relation to events like the Spanish civil war it has not the far-reaching importance which it seems to have for the specialists." As for the etching series, Blunt sees it as a product of despair—of "genuine, but useless horror." It is far from clear, at least in 1937, that Blunt considers *Guernica* any less despairing and defeatist. (He later changed his mind on this subject, publishing a short book on the painting in 1969.) Read and Penrose dispute Blunt's account of Picasso's attitude to events in

Spain—they see neither *Guernica* nor *Sueño y mentira de Franco* as defeatist—as well as Blunt's sour picture of Picasso's audience.

Inevitably, many present-day readers of these exchanges will be aware of their authors' subsequent strange careers. Blunt (1907–1983) was just thirty years old when he wrote his October art column for *The Spectator*. He had been a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, since 1932, and in many ways was representative of that "limited coterie of aesthetes, who have given their life so wholly to the cult of art that they have forgotten about everything else"—precisely the kind of individual, that is, against whom his first salvo was directed. Blunt's Marxism—or more properly, his Stalinism—was at this point overt. We know in retrospect that by 1937 he had been recruited by the NKVD; and, working for MI5 during World War II, he proved a mildly valuable Soviet asset. In due course he returned to academic life, becoming Surveyor of the King's Pictures in 1945, the author of a series of books on French art in the seventeenth century, and eventually director of the Courtauld Institute of Art. His exposure as a spy in 1979, and the feasting of the tabloid press on his disgrace, now feature as a standard episode in the saga of post-imperial Britain.

Herbert Read (1893–1968) had already established a reputation by 1937 as one of the fiercest defenders of modern art in Britain. An organizer of the London International Surrealist Exhibition in 1936, he was also editor of *The Burlington Magazine* from 1933 to 1938, and had various "influential" books on modernism to his credit. He was an anarchist. His acceptance of a knighthood in 1953 (three years before Blunt's ascension) proved unpopular with the movement at large.

Roland Penrose (1900–1984) was much more closely associated with Picasso than either of the previous writers. He had lived in France from 1922 until 1936, and Picasso became a close friend. He too was a promoter of the London Surrealist Exhibition of 1936, and masterminded *Guernica*'s London showing in 1938. In due course he became Picasso's biographer, publishing the first of three editions of *Picasso: His Life and Work* in 1958 (London: Harper & Brothers). Knighthood followed a few years later.

The exchanges in *The Spectator*, whatever their limitations, should be seen against the background of British writers' and artists' real involvement in the Spanish Civil War. A quotation from the poet and editor John Lehmann sums up the mood:

> When the full significance of what was happening in Spain gradually became apparent, and all the political parties, organizations, the unattached liberals, intellectuals and artists who had become aware that their own fate was deeply involved in the battles developing in front of Madrid and Barcelona, had banded themselves together to organize the International Brigade and the Spanish Medical Aid, I think every young writer began seriously to debate with himself how he could best be of use, by joining the Brigade, or driving an ambulance, or helping the active committees in England or France, or in some other way. The pull was terrific, the pull of an international crusade to the ideals and aims of which all intellectuals ... who had been stirred by the fascist danger, felt they could, in the hour of apocalypse, wholeheartedly assent.[1]

Nothing, perhaps, can excuse the crudity of Blunt's initial demand "that Picasso should have seen more than the mere horror of the civil war, that he should have realised that it is only a tragic part of a great forward movement; and that he should have expressed this optimism in a direct way." But this voice too, in its very urgency and orthodoxy, is characteristic of 1937. As are Read's and Penrose's replies.

[1] John Lehmann, *The Whispering Gallery: Autobiography I* (London: Longmans, Green, 1955), 274–75.

Sueño y mentira de Franco I (Dream and Lie of Franco I), 1937
Sueño y mentira de Franco II (Dream and Lie of Franco II), 1937

PICASSO UNFROCKED

Anthony Blunt

There is something pathetic in the sight of a talented artist struggling to cope with a problem entirely outside his powers. This is the feeling aroused by the new series of etchings produced by Picasso as his contribution to the struggle in Spain. The *Sueño y mentira de Franco* unquestionably expresses a genuine hatred for the Spanish rebels, and if it does nothing else it shows that Picasso's heart is in the right place. But the questions remain: Where is his brain? And where are his eyes?

The work consists of two plates of etchings, with nine scenes on each, accompanied by a poem, printed (in the English edition) in Spanish, French and English. To describe the etchings in detail is impossible. But the general impression which they convey is clear cut. They have the same nightmare atmosphere as the *Guernica* mural, and the conventions are in many ways the same as those which the artist has used for bull-fights and for all the private paintings of the last years. They are undeniably terrifying. Obscene polyps, in mitre, coronet, or mantilla, hack at statues, prance on tight-ropes, ride on a charger which turns into pig or Pegasus, pray to financial monstrances, are tossed by bulls. The other sheet is more allusive in matter and even less clear in rendering. The same symbols persist in part. Polyp and Pegasus and bull are there, but in greater confusion. Most moving in a far simpler way is a single figure of the corpse of a woman, relatively realistically conceived, lying, half-absorbed into the ground, against a blasted landscape. In the last four of the series the style becomes frantic. Arms, eyes, and heads are contorted in a scrawl of horror. Frightening they certainly are.

And this is Picasso's contribution to the Spanish civil war. It is not surprising that his offering should be of this kind. For Picasso has spent the whole of his life in the Holy of Holies of Art, served by the chosen, refining more and more his mystical rites, so that for the initiate they grew in significance, but for the world they become ever more remote and unreal. And now the earthquake which is shaking the world has brought the carefully constructed temple topping down, and the inhabitants of it are thrown out into the open air and find themselves in a real world full of unpleasantness. But the light in the Sanctum was so dim and the atmosphere so rarified, that priests and devotees blink and choke, and cannot understand what is going on around them. In panic they call for bell, book and candle, and try to conjure the horror with the old hocus-pocus. But alas! The new ills are real and can only be cured by real means. In his new etchings and poems Picasso seems to be aware of what is going on around him, but not of its real meaning. And, indeed, how could he be? For so many years he has been unaccustomed to looking

The Spectator, October 8, 1937, p. 16

anything in the face, but when he needs to do so he does not know how to set about it. What he does is to register horror—genuine, but useless horror. Useless, because all that these etchings will do is to make certain of the devotees feel that at last they have made contact with reality, that after all this is life, whereas they have not really stepped a yard outside their old circle. The etchings cannot reach more than the limited coterie of aesthetes, who have given their life so wholly to the cult of art that they have forgotten about everything else. The rest of the world will at most see and shudder and pass by. For the etchings to perform a more important function two things would have been necessary: that Picasso should have seen more than the mere horror of the civil war, that he should have realised that it is only a tragic part of a great forward movement; and that he should have expressed this optimism in a direct way and not with circumlocution so abstruse that those who are occupied with more serious things will not have time or energy to work out all its implications. It may be that if the first condition was fulfilled the second would follow automatically.

In the religious half-light of the temple Picasso looked a giant. Now, in a harsher glare, and up against more exciting standards, he appears as a pigmy. And remember what Michelangelo said to an artist who was showing him his sculpture in the studio and arranging the light to the greatest advantage: "Don't bother about that. It is by the light of the market place that it will be judged."

* * *

The Spectator, October 15, 1937, p. 20

[To the Editor of *The Spectator*]

Sir,—I do not wish to raise the general issues of modern art which Mr. Blunt and I have more than once debated in public without reaching agreement, but there are one or two questions of fact in connexion with his attack on Picasso which call for correction. Picasso is not so detached from the Spanish struggle as Mr. Blunt tries to make out. Not only has the Spanish Government given him the highest recognition in its power (the directorship of the Prado Museum), but more recently invited him to paint the great mural which dominates the Spanish pavilion at the Paris Exhibition. Here is the best kind of evidence of the close co-operation and mutual understanding which exist between the artist and the democratic government of his native country. This painting is virtually in the market-place, where Mr. Blunt wishes to see all art, and hundreds of thousands of people have seen it and, as I can testify from personal observation, accepted it with the respect and wonder which all great works of art inspire. As for the series of etchings referred to by Mr. Blunt, *Sueño y Mentira de Franco*, reproductions of these are to be issued in the form of postcards and will thus become available even to the poorest people.

There is no evidence at all that modern art is necessarily unpopular, or non-popular. At the present moment, for example, Mr. McKnight Kauffer's magnificent *décor* for the ballet *Checkmate* is meeting with the approval of a popular audience at Sadler's Wells, where if Mr. Blunt were to venture into the cheaper seats he would find none of the

superior abuse which might emanate from the stalls. It is only too evident to anyone who knows the real facts that the particular form of opposition to modern art adopted by Mr. Blunt comes from middle-class doctrinaires who wish to "use" art for the propagation of their dull ideas. That the drab realism which these philistines have enforced in Russia and Germany should become the art of a country like Spain is happily a contradiction of its innate artistic spirit too improbable to entertain seriously.

One further point: Mr. Blunt tries to discredit Picasso by picturing him as the idol of a set of emasculated aesthetes. But on the contrary the people associated with Picasso, either as personal friends or as disinterested supporters of his art, have had rather more experience of the actual horrors of war than Mr. Blunt and other ideologists of his generation.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT READ
3 The Mall, Parkhill Road, London, N.W.3

* * *

The Spectator, October 22, 1937, p. 19
[To the Editor of *The Spectator*]

Sir,—Mr. Read calls attention to several important facts about Picasso, some of which were unknown to me, but which do not seem to me to affect the thesis which I put forward, namely, that Picasso's art is a highly specialised product, an essentially private art, which is therefore not easily applied to public problems.

The Spanish Government has so genuine a respect for the arts that it is anxious to honour all its artists, and therefore rightly honours Picasso, who is by far the best known of living Spanish painters. The publication of the etchings in postcard form in itself proves nothing. To estimate their real appeal it will be necessary to know how widely they are selling, and to what sort of public.

I could almost resent Mr. Read's suggestion that I wish to use art for some end. I have never tried to do more than analyse forms of art and to say that a particular painting is the product of a certain set of circumstances, and is therefore likely to appeal to one kind of person and not to another. I have never said that Picasso is a bad artist. I have said that his painting is not a popular art, but the last refinement of a private art produced by certain conditions, and that therefore, in relation to events like the Spanish civil war it has not the far-reaching importance which it seems to have for the specialists.

Mr. Read is confident that realism will never flourish in Spain. Its appearance in Russia is evidently no argument to him, but the fact that it has been developed in Mexico may seem to him more relevant. There it has been directly evolved by the people who took part in the revolutionary movements, and is widely and enthusiastically enjoyed by peasants and workers.

Finally let me say that I never intended to insult any of Picasso's friends or supporters. I have no doubt that, as Mr. Read says, many of them have experienced the horrors of war. Indeed that fact confirms me in my view. For the horrors of war might well

compel a sensitive intellectual to take refuge in the sort of private art which Picasso has cultivated, and, when the pressure of external events again proves too strong, drive him to the despair shown in the latest etchings. I cannot reproduce the etchings to show the tone of despair which characterises them, but the same effect can be produced by quoting from the translation of the poem with which Picasso accompanies them: "fandango of shivering owls souse of swords of evil-omened polyps scouring brush of hairs from priests' tonsures standing naked in the middle of the frying-pan—placed upon the ice cream cone of codfish fried in the scabs of his lead-ox heart...." Surely this is a specialised kind of poetry, and the product of a rarefied atmosphere.

Yours faithfully,
ANTHONY BLUNT
Ham Common, Richmond

* * *

The Spectator, October 29, 1937, p. 19
[To the Editor of *The Spectator*]

Sir,—I have followed with great interest the correspondence resulting from the article in which Mr. Blunt criticised the recent work of Picasso for the Spanish Government, claiming to unfrock Picasso's activities and expose the fool's paradise in which he and his admirers have laboured for so long. After Mr. Read's very comprehensive reply Mr. Blunt covers his retreat from this unwarranted attack by coining a new phrase. Picasso's art, he writes is, "an essentially private art," and he goes on to draw a distinction between popular and private art which merely adds to his confusion, for even if such a distinction were possible he spoils his case by admitting that Picasso is "by far the best known of living Spanish painters." Moreover, it can no more be possible to exclude "private" experience and emotion from the arts than from love. In both cases it is the personal emotion which renders them universal. In dealing with Picasso's reactions to public events Mr. Blunt quarrels with the lack of optimism. The appalling anguish of Guernica expressed in the great mural is apparently not healthy propaganda for the cause. But Mr. Blunt forgets that the mural is exhibited amidst the gaiety of the Paris exhibition where it makes an overwhelming contrast to its surroundings; whereas the postcards with their fantastic caricatures of Franco and their bitter humour are meant for Spain and the world in general. It may be that the Spaniards have a very acute sense of the right propaganda in the right place. It would be of little use to disguise the sufferings of the Spanish people with starry-eyed platitudes; "the print which the foot leaves in the rock," to quote a part of Picasso's poem which Mr. Blunt omits, is more worthy of expression by a painter of such penetrating vision.

Yours faithfully,
ROLAND PENROSE
21 Downshire Hill, N.W.3

PICASSO'S *GUERNICA*

Herbert Read

Art long ago ceased to be monumental. To be monumental, as the art of Michelangelo or Rubens was monumental, the age must have a sense of glory. The artist must have some faith in his fellowmen, and some confidence in the civilization to which he belongs. Such an attitude is not possible in the modern world—at least, not in our Western European world. We have lived through the greatest war in history, but we find it celebrated in thousands of mean, false and essentially unheroic monuments. Ten million men killed, but no breath of inspiration from their dead bodies. Just a scramble for contracts and fees, and an unconcealed desire to make the most utilitarian use of the fruits of heroism.

Monumental art is inspired by creative actions. It may be that sometimes the artist is deceived, but he shares his illusion with his age. He lives in a state of faith, of creative and optimistic faith. But in our age even an illusion is not tenable. When it is given out that a great Christian hero is leading a new crusade for the faith, even his followers are not deceived. A Christian crusade is not fought with the aid of infidel Moors, nor with fascist bombs and tanks. And when a Republic announces that it is fighting to defend liberty and equality, we are compelled to doubt whether these values will survive the autocratic methods adopted to establish them. The artist, at the lowest level of prestige and authority he has ever reached in the history of civilization, is compelled to doubt those who despise him.

The only logical monument would be some sort of negative monument. A monument to disillusion, to despair, to destruction. It was inevitable that the greatest artist of our time should be driven to this conclusion. Frustrated in his creative affirmations, limited in scope and scale by the timidities and customs of the age, he can at best make a monument to the vast forces of evil which seek to control our lives: a monument of protestation. When those forces invade his native land, and destroy with calculated brutality a shrine peculiarly invested with the sense of glory, then the impulse to protest takes on a monumental grandeur. Picasso's great fresco is a monument to destruction, a cry of outrage and horror amplified by the spirit of genius.

It has been said that this painting is obscure—that it cannot appeal to the soldier of the republic, to the man in the street, to the communist in his cell; but actually its elements are clear and openly symbolical. The light of day and night reveals a scene of horror and destruction: the eviscerated horse, the writhing bodies of men and women, betray the passage of the infuriated bull, who turns triumphantly in the background, tense with lust and stupid power; whilst from the window Truth, whose features are the tragic

London Bulletin, no. 6, October 1938, p. 6

mask in all its classical purity, extends her lamp over the carnage. The great canvas is flooded with pity and terror, but over it all is imposed that nameless grace which arises from their cathartic equilibrium.

Not only Guernica, but Spain; not only Spain, but Europe, is symbolized in this allegory. It is the modern Calvary, the agony in the bomb-shattered ruins of human tenderness and faith. It is a religious picture, painted, not with the same kind, but with the same degree of fervour that inspired Grünewald and the Master of the Avignon Pietà, Van Eyck and Bellini. It is not sufficient to compare the Picasso of this painting with the Goya of the *Desastres*. Goya, too, was a great artist, and a great humanist; but his reactions were individualistic—his instruments irony, satire, ridicule. Picasso is more universal: his symbols are banal, like the symbols of Homer, Dante, Cervantes. For it is only when the widest commonplace is infused with intensest passion that a great work of art, transcending all schools and categories, is born; and being born, lives immortally.

Tête de bélier sur une table (Ram's Head on a Table), 1925

Nature morte (Still Life), 1942

Nature morte au crâne de bœuf (Still Life with a Bull's Skull), 1942

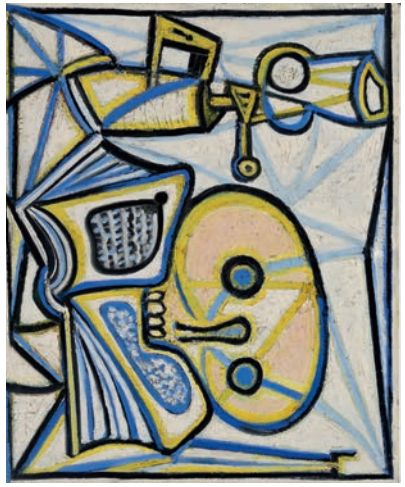
Trois têtes de mouton (Three Lamb's Heads), 1939

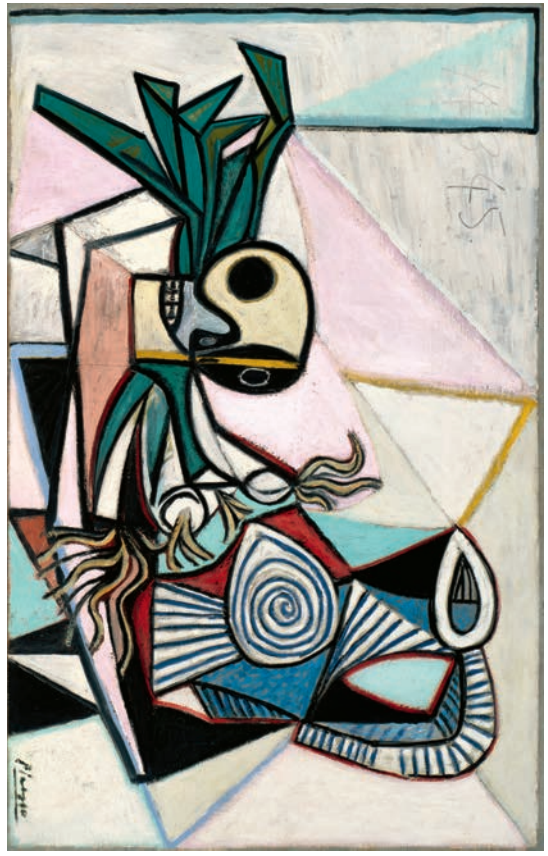
Monument aux espagnols morts pour la France
(Monument to the Spaniards who Died for France), 1946–47

Nature morte au pot et au crâne (Still Life with Pot and Skull), 1943

Crâne et pichet (Skull and Pitcher), 1943

Nature morte au crâne, livre et lampe à pétrole (Vanité) (Still Life with Skull, Book, and Kerosene Lamp [Vanity]), 1946





Tête de mort, poireaux et cruche (Still Life with Skull, Leeks, and Jug), 1945
Nature morte au crâne, poireaux et pichet (Still Life with Skull, Leeks, and Pitcher), 1945

Femme se coiffant (Woman Dressing Her Hair), 1940

Picasso's Survival (*Femme se coiffant*, 1940)

Jeremy Melius

Less than two months before his death, in an interview that appeared originally in *Le Monde*, Jacques Derrida turned to the question of survival. Survival, he suggested, has its own logic and structure, one that exists outside of—before—the logic of either "life" or "death." It is, he says, "originary": "'to survive' … doesn't derive from either to live or to die," for we speak just as readily of surviving posthumously as we do of continuing to live—of survival after and apart from death.[1] Considered on something like its own terms, "survival" names a modality of sheer persistence, a logic of lingering finally indifferent to questions of liveness. In this, Derrida taps into a way of thinking about survival that recalls the work of art historians such as Aby Warburg and Julius von Schlosser in their conception of the term and its meaning for culture at the beginning of the twentieth century.[2] As such names suggest, the question of survival has always held special importance for the visual arts, describing the very condition of artworks' continued presence for their viewers at whatever date. But can the modality of survival itself somehow be figured and seen? What would it mean for artworks to undertake such a figuring? Could survival's very structures be given a body and a face?

[1] Jacques Derrida, interviewed by Jean Birnbaum, "Je suis en guerre contre moi-même," *Le Monde*, August 19, 2004; reprinted in Jacques Derrida, *Apprendre à vivre enfin: Entretien avec Jean Birnbaum* (Paris: Galilée, 2005), 26, translated in Lee Edelman, "Against Survival: Queerness in a Time That's Out of Joint," *Shakespeare Quarterly* 62, no. 2 (Summer 2011): 151.

[2] Aby Warburg, *The Renewal of Pagan Antiquity*, trans. David Britt (Los Angeles: Getty Research Institute, 1999); Julius von Schlosser, "History of Portraiture in Wax" (1911), trans. James Michael Loughridge, in *Ephemeral Bodies: Wax Sculpture and the Human Figure*, ed. Roberta Panzanelli (Los Angeles: Getty Research Institute, 2008).

Jeremy Melius

Perpetual Dissolution

Picasso painted *Femme se coiffant* (Woman Dressing Her Hair) in the spring and early summer of 1940, during his long sojourn in Royan on the Atlantic coast of France. The painting is arresting, and has never ceased to trouble viewers of Picasso's art. It takes as its subject a central motif of the artist's practice: the disorganized female body, twisted out of shape in service of some inscrutable "design." The painting seems to have held a special place in Picasso's own sense of his achievement. There exists a touching photograph by Dora Maar of the artist standing beside his monster, beaming. To judge from what we can make of the figure's own expression, however, "she" seems less happy about it. The face seems mournful at first, almost desperate. But the figure's affect refuses to remain stable. Desperation slides into self-possession, matter-of-factness, even a sort of quiet pride in her monstrosity. To study the painting is to enter a disturbing field of visual and thematic ambiguity. Disturbing, first and foremost, because the solidity and volumetric presence of the figure is everywhere so emphatically insisted upon—the pneumatic swelling of her stony belly, the sheer heft of her buttocks pressed immovably into the room's corner—at the same time as it is everywhere ruthlessly undone. Disorientation abounds. The bony prominence of knee and shin, for instance, right up against the picture plane, arrests the viewer with its fierce and tangible presence. And yet that very sense of immediacy draws attention to the insecure space suggested behind its salience, which we can never quite master. How long is that thigh? At what distance from it is her rump? It is as if this forward-facing knee, shin, and foot were presented to us as some not quite fully realized optical illusion, vivid but failing to fully convince. Or again, turn to the pinwheel geometry that organizes the figure's upper body, with its pileup of pseudo-sculptural forms: Does its play of cast shadow ever really amount to something solid? Look especially at the spectral forearm that recedes behind her head.

Dora Maar (Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Pablo Picasso beside *Femme se coiffant* (Woman Dressing Her Hair), 1940. Villa les voliers, Royan.
Musée national Picasso-Paris

Everywhere the figure condenses emaciation and fullness. Embodiment itself comes radically into question, an organizing system in perpetual collapse. The strangeness lies in what we might call a mixture of earliness and lateness in the disposition of corporeal forms. The figure is in process, as it were, but in two directions at once. We witness a hallucinatory, unorganized coming into being of the body through the very forms that herald its final, dreadful coming undone. This is what bodily life looks like after Guernica, we might say. Emergence and dissolution converge, staring us in the face.

"Systematic Displacement"

Picasso's critics have worked hard to contain the fallout. In his strong account of the painting, William Rubin praised its

"extraordinary plastic intensity." "Psychic conflict" finds form in "somatic dislocation," and the sense of "immense strain and discomfort" is "communicated through the systematic displacement of the nude's tumescent forms." And yet here already a kind of order creeps in. The displacements, however anguished, prove "systematic"; "communication" takes hold. Under Rubin's powerful eye, the figure resolves within a drive toward multisided presentation, with "aspects of the figure's front, back, and sides simultaneously visible." And not just visible, but logically connected—apprehensible as "the *continuous* revolving of the figure into the picture plane." By this Rubin has in mind a notional rotation the painting would perform for its viewer, guiding him or her over the body's rounded form, from buttocks to belly and around again to spine.[3] He thus aligns the work with a mode of picturing that Leo Steinberg once called "drawing as if to possess": Picasso's constant, at times violent reconfiguration of the female body in order to present some maximum of simultaneously visible aspects for the painter-viewer's pleasure.[4]

In the face of *Femme se coiffant*, though, all of this—"systematic," "continuous," "communication," even possession—begins to look like wishful thinking. The longer one looks, the more willful such constructions seem to be. Fissure after fissure intervenes to frustrate our scanning of this body. And by the time one gets to the zone surrounding the figure's upturned breast, which seems almost to reach for her half-averted face, one comes up against a truly arbitrary configuration of forms. Here, the body seems not so much to turn around as to turn inside out, with breast extending out of what one sees as ribcage and spine. The juncture of the "armpit" reveals what ought to be the figure's interior scaffolding, seen at least in part from behind. The configuration recalls, perhaps, the Surrealists' delectation at eighteenth-century

[3] William Rubin, *Picasso in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1972), 158.

[4] Leo Steinberg, "The Algerian Women and Picasso at Large," in *Other Criteria: Confrontations in Twentieth-Century Art* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1972), 125–234.

Jacques Fabien and Gautier d'Agoty *L'ange anatomique* (The Anatomical Angel), from *Myologie complette en couleur et grandeur naturelle*, 1746. École nationale supérieure des Beaux-Arts, Paris

anatomical illustration—their famous *L'Ange anatomique* (The Anatomical Angel) seems to haunt Picasso's image—and the way in which such pictures peel away wings of flesh to expose the bone. The association perhaps helps to make sense of what might appear to be an elongated trapezius just behind the breast, or some ghastly segment of reptilian webbing, or a stretched flap of muscle or skin. But anatomical comparison also works in the other direction to emphasize the passage's relative abstractness: its emphatic and unbridgeable *distance* from human anatomy. We seem almost to be looking at an exoskeleton or fossil here, rather than any pliant human thing.

Ambivalence concentrates in the figure's very pose. She sits frighteningly exposed, trapped in her claustrophobic box. Picasso's precise depiction of the room's ceiling, top right, only adds to this. And yet, set upon as she is, the figure's exposure also seems almost an act of aggression on her part—a triumphant

luxuriance impinging on the viewer, defiant of his or her gaze. And moreover, for all of this intensely thematized exposure, the figure itself remains remarkably chaste. Except for her hooded eyes and the peculiar commas of her nostrils, the figure's orifices are emphatically closed or occluded from our sight. Though there is some suggestion of a mons pubis, there remains only the faintest ghostly suggestion of a vagina; she has no discernible anus; the anamorphic lips of her mouth remain tight shut. Whatever body violation this picture registers or imagines occurs elsewhere, in constant displacement across its variegated forms. In this deflection, as in the figure's moments of solidity, she can even seem to recall the muted emotional tone of Picasso's neoclassical figures of the early 1920s—those "vast pink nudes in boxes," as Roger Fry once summed them up; "one can't conceive who on earth would ever find a place for these monsters."[5] In 1940, too, the body remains unplaceable: vast, imposing, turning outward only to remain uncannily sealed.

Under Siege

Such effects ask for situating. Understandably, few commentators have been able to resist linking to the historical drama that surrounded the painting's making, and the harrowing mood of the months leading up to June 1940 have often been taken to hold its interpretive key.[6] Begun in early March, the painting seems not to have been finished until mid- to late June 1940—probably no later than June 19, to judge from a dated drawing that depicts the final composition.[7] This date would have Picasso putting his finishing touches on the canvas just after he had fled from Paris back to Royan, ahead of the advancing German army. His final campaign

[5] Roger Fry, letter to Vanessa Bell, March 15, 1921, in *Letters of Roger Fry*, ed. Denys Sutton (New York: Random House, 1972), 504, quoted in Elizabeth Cowling, *Picasso: Style and Meaning* (London: Phaidon, 2002), 430.

[6] Here I draw on Elizabeth Cowling's helpful account in Cowling, *Picasso*, 625–33.

[7] Carnet 46, folio 11 recto (May 30, 1940 – February 19, 1942. Musée national Picasso-Paris).

coincides exactly with their taking of the capital on June 14. The occupation had begun. Refugees were already flooding Royan, and all points south. It is no surprise, then, that the painting has always been taken to be somehow "of" the war, a context that certainly intensifies one's sense of the figure's exposure and extremity, undertaken at a moment when the very future seemed to be shutting down.

But caution may also be required. In a famous critique, John Berger faulted the painting for its inability to address itself fully to this historical situation, assuming it had been Picasso's primary intention: "A woman's body by itself," Berger wrote, "cannot be made to express all the horrors of fascism." Well, indeed. But more importantly, he tied this failure to the body's formal disaggregation:

> Because there is no consistency between the parts ... we are unable to accept the scene as a self-contained whole. None of the parts refer to each other: instead, each, separately, refers to us, and we then refer them back to Picasso.... In the end we are left face to face with what seems to be Picasso's willfulness.[8]

Unfair as this may ultimately be to the picture, it nonetheless offers an antidote to Rubin's sense of stressed but seamless mastery. In his attention to the figure's disintegration, Berger attunes us to the possibility that something has gone haywire in the picture's own account of painterly agency. We may take this suggestion further. For if "willfulness" is everywhere thematized here, it is everywhere thematized as undone, working in excess of or insufficient to its objects, misfiring across a set of pictorial procedures always slipping out of control. Picasso's great achievement was to allow that misfiring to generate its own substantiality, its own vibrant and irresistible form.

[8] John Berger, *The Success and Failure of Picasso* (London: Penguin Books, 1965), 150–51.

Pablo Picasso, *Le peintre et son modèle* (The Painter and His Model), 1927. Oil on canvas, 214 × 200 cm
The Tehran Museum of Contemporary Art, Tehran

In the Bonehouse

But what does all this have to do with the question of survival? A sketchbook page from 1939 provides a clue. Here Picasso set out the basic situation of his later canvas: the female figure facing us in her box, hands behind her head, with breasts akimbo, armpit and ribs on display, massive buttocks swung to her right. This early conception of the scene links it directly to one of the most powerful and generative works Picasso ever made: the bewildering *Le peintre et son modèle* (The Painter and His Model), from the spring of 1927, now in Tehran. In looking at it, one is first struck by the presence of an amoeboid figure facing us, large and unfamiliar (the "model"), and by the dramatic organization of the painting's surface—an almost monochrome gray, pierced by two vivid apertures, one cream-colored and one yellow. For whom does the

figure pose? Where exactly does "she" stand in space? Can these lines constitute a body at all? Given such disorienting complexity, it can take a moment or two to make out the presence of a second figure, all anemic line, to the model's right—the "painter," with palette and brush in hand; and to see that the model's tiny left hand seems to gesture toward "him." The relation between these figures is anything but clear, yet one is tempted to say, nonetheless, that within the psychic economy of the painting, the model's sensuality and quasi-volumetric presence—the tremendous extravagance of snout, and breasts, and stretching limbs—come at the cost of the painter's, who can barely be said to have a body at all. For "him," line does not denote volume so much as replace it, and the painter's disarticulation as a bounded figure identifies with the various proppings, framings, and other delineations that make up the scene. It is as if he "embodied" the spatial markers that give the model being but which never succeed in taking her over. The signs of mastery, in other words, everywhere transform into their opposite. Look, for instance, at the strange multitude of frames surrounding the model's face: Should we understand the painter's brush as touching the edge of an easel, or does it mark another, more emphatic line beyond its edge, further closing her in? Is his gesture weak or strong? Is the model the painter's prop, just another set of lines to be manipulated? Or does she luxuriate in herself—in her powerful, "to-be-looked-at" sufficiency?[9]

The ambivalence and urgency of the scene is exacerbated in the painting of 1940, but almost to the point of fizzling out. In the Tehran canvas, linearity offers a surplus of generative uncertainty, a whole factory of potential bodily forms. *Femme se coiffant* instead offers its ambivalences as already fossilized, already made object-like in the service of tactile, proto-sculptural form. Lateness has taken hold. And the sense of temporal displacement does not end here. For the very techniques that produce her presence are also

[9] See T. J. Clark, *Picasso and Truth: From Cubism to Guernica* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2013), 147–92; Jeremy Melius, "Inscription and Castration in Picasso's *The Painter and His Model*, 1927," *October* 151 (Winter 2015): 43–61.

redolent of the past. Until now, I have held back from discussing the most haunting passage of the painting. On the left-hand side of the canvas, the figure's right breast, attached more to underarm than to chest, seems to hang over a peculiarly geometrical void, a shelf or hollow that cuts into both the torso's and the breast's solidity. The body's core is thus set back along orderly orthogonal lines, all the more disturbing for this precision. It is as if the room repeated itself within the figure's very body, an internal emissary of the space that closes in around her, or as if she were generating the room out of herself.[10] But as soon as one concentrates attention here, the geometric figure refuses to stay still. For it seems also to protrude impossibly outward, an eerie salience within the shadow. Such reversible cubes have a long history in Picasso's art. The passage looks back to paintings that had first heralded the development of Cubism: landscapes of 1908 and 1909 in which the houses buckle in and out of salience, but also, especially, portrait after portrait of Fernande Olivier, where the reversible cube came to reside in her forehead. It had been the governing figure of early Cubism—the indelible spatial ambiguity at its core—in which the delineation of presence came "positively to produce its own determinate negation," as T. J. Clark puts it.[11] In 1940, we come once again upon the constitutive ambivalence of pictorial presence. But with this key difference: in *Femme se coiffant*, the paradox is marked as something already there—already bound up with Picasso's own past. Negation is happening again.

It is thus no accident that the work's allusions should seem so deliberate or so polyvalent, summoning many different moments of the artist's production. Not just the period at Horta, or the neoclassical nudes of the early 1920s, or *Le peintre et son modèle* of 1927 take their second turn here, but also the precarious bony

[10] I have in mind here the penetrating account of "room space" that runs throughout Clark's *Picasso and Truth*.

[11] T. J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999), 202. See also Kathryn A. Tuma, "*La Peau du Chagrin*," in *Picasso: The Cubist Portraits of Fernande Olivier*, ed. Jeffrey Weiss (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2003), 109.

constructions and monumental bathers of the late 1920s and early 1930s.[12] In places, we find the signature mark-making of post-Cézannian, high-Cubist *passage* (over the buttocks, for instance, or the "flesh" beside her neck). We may even see the memory of a painting of 1895, depicting a girl sitting in a room looking outward, with swollen bare feet—a painting that Picasso had retrospectively declared to be his first.[13]

The figure in 1940 forms a kind of stylistic archive—a mausoleum of the artist's previous selves. Gathered within the trouble of her body are the very procedures that had made Picasso Picasso. Her self-division constitutes a figural repository of his always "willful" art. The figure sits not so much victimized by aggressive acts of depiction as she *is* those acts, a site not of conquest but of intense identification. For here the artist sits before us, powerful and inviolate, but also uncannily still, object as much as subject of his own vision. Painter and model have merged. Gathered into this bunker for safe keeping, Picasso's very history stands mordantly—triumphantly—exposed. Neither living nor dead, "she," or should we now say "he," arduously prepares to be historical, hunkering down toward some posthumous finality of form.

[12] Both Rubin and Clark suggest the painting's connection to the monumental bathers: see Rubin, *Picasso in the MoMA*, 158; Clark, *Picasso and Truth*, 226–27, 231. Especially close to the painting of 1940 is *Nu debout au bord de la mer* (Nude Standing by the Sea, 1929; The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York).

[13] *La fillette aux pieds nus* (The Girl with Bare Feet, 1895. Musée national Picasso-Paris).

Femme au chapeau (Woman with a Hat), 1942

Femme assise dans un fauteuil (Dora Maar)
(Woman Sitting in an Armchair [Dora Maar]), 1938

Tête de femme (Head of a Woman), 1944

Buste de femme (Bust of a Woman), 1943

Buste de femme sur fond gris (Bust of a Woman on a Gray Background), 1943

Femme en gris et blanc (Woman in Gray and White), 1941

La femme à l'artichaut (Woman with Artichoke), 1942

Femme au chapeau assise dans un fauteuil
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Buste et palette
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Nature morte (Still Life), 1925
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Mandoline, compotier, bras de plâtre (Mandolin, Fruit Bowl, and Plaster Arm), 1925
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Les trois danseuses
(The Three Dancers), 1925
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(Scene of Decapitation), 1926–27
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Femme dans un fauteuil
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Femme dans un fauteuil
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Femme dans un fauteuil rouge
(Woman in a Red Armchair), 1929
Oil on canvas, 65.1 × 54 cm
The Menil Collection, Houston
1978-161E
p. 77

Tête sur fond beige
(Head on a Beige Background), 1929
Oil on canvas, 55 × 46 cm
Museo Picasso Málaga. Donated
by Christine Ruiz-Picasso
MPM1.4
p. 76

Femme dans un fauteuil
(Woman in an Armchair), 1929
Oil on canvas, 91.6 × 72.4 cm
Museu Coleção Berardo
UID102-972
p. 41

La demoiselle (The Head), 1929
Oil on canvas, 54 × 45.5 cm
Moderna Museet, Stockholm
NM6084
p. 79

Nu debout au bord de la mer
(Nude Standing by the Sea), 1929
Oil on canvas, 130 × 97 cm
The Metropolitan Museum
of Art, Bequest of Florence M.
Schoenborn, 1995
1996.403.4
p. 83

Monument: tête de femme
(Monument: Head of a Woman), 1929
Oil on hardboard, 65 × 54 cm
Private collection
p. 80

Tête de femme
(Head of a Woman), 1929–30
Iron, sheet iron, springs, painted
strainer, 100 × 37 × 59 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP270
p. 84

La femme au jardin
(Woman in the Garden), 1930
Welded iron and white painting,
206 × 117 × 85 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP267
p. 85

La femme au jardin
(Woman in the Garden), 1930–32
Welded Bronze,
209.6 × 116.8 × 81.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00547

Figures au bord de la mer
(Figures by the Sea), 1931
Oil on hardboard, 130 × 195 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP131
p. 87

Le viol. Suite Vollard 9
(The Violation: Vollard Suite 9), 1931
Etching on paper, 34 × 44.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
AS10357

Figures au bord de la mer I
(Figures by the Sea I), 1932
Oil and charcoal on canvas,
130 × 97 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01163
p. 81

La crucifixion
(The Crucifixion), 1932
Pen and India ink on paper,
34.5 × 51.5 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1073
p. 101 (bottom)

La crucifixion
(The Crucifixion), 1932
Pen and India ink on paper,
25.5 × 33 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1085
p. 101 (top)

Accouplement (Mating), 1933
Pencil on paper, 34.5 × 51.5 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1109

Le viol sous la fenêtre. Suite Vollard 28
(The Violation Under the Window:
Vollard Suite 28), 1933
Etching, drypoint, and aquatint
on paper, 44.5 × 34 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
AD01992

Le viol, IV. Suite Vollard 29
(The Violation, IV: Vollard
Suite 29), 1933
Etching, drypoint, and aquatint
on paper, 34 × 44.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
AD01993

Le viol, V. Suite Vollard 31
(The Violation, V: Vollard
Suite 31), 1933
Drypoint on paper, 34 × 44.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
AS06543

Le viol, II. Suite Vollard 30
(The Violation, II: Vollard
Suite 30), 1933
Drypoint on paper, 34 × 44.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
AS10358

La nageuse (The Swimmer), 1934
Charcoal on canvas, 182 × 216 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
AS10614
p. 86

Benjamin Péret
De derrière les fagots (*A Bunch
of Carrots / Remove Your Hat*)
Éditions surréalistes, Paris, 1934
Print and cover illustration of
La mort de Marat (Death of Marat)
from Pablo Picasso
Centre Pompidou, Paris.
Musée national d'art moderne /
Centre de création industrielle
BK Fds Brauner L 244
p. 91

Nu couché devant la fenêtre
(Nude Reclining in Front
of the Window), 1934
Pen and India ink on paper,
26.2 × 32.7 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1131
p. 88

Intérieur aux hirondelles, I
(Interior with Swallows, I), 1934
India ink and charcoal on paper,
25.7 × 32.9 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1132
p. 102 (top)

Intérieur aux hirondelles, II
(Interior with Swallows, II), 1934
India ink and charcoal on paper,
26 × 32.7 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1133
p. 102 (bottom)

La meurtre (The Murder), 1934
Pencil on cardboard, 40.2 × 50.6 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1135
p. 96

Nu couché (Reclining Nude), 1934
India ink on paper, 26 × 33 cm
Private collection, Stuttgart
p. 103 (bottom)

Composition, 1934
India ink on paper, 26 × 32 cm
Almine and Bernard Ruiz-Picasso
Foundation for the Arts
3702
p. 103 (top)

Tête (Head), 1936
Oil on canvas, 61 × 51 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP154

Le crayon qui parle
(The Speaking Pencil), 1936
Pencil and ink on paper,
33.6 × 50.8 cm
Collection of Emmanuel
and Riane Gruss
p. 138

Sueño y mentira de Franco I
(Dream and Lie of Franco I), 1937
Etching and aquatint on paper,
38.8 × 57 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00109
p. 148 (top)

Sueño y mentira de Franco II
(Dream and Lie of Franco II), 1937
Etching and aquatint on paper,
38.9 × 57.1 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00110
p. 148 (bottom)

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1178
p. 126 (top)

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1181
p. 126 (bottom)

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1183
p. 115

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1184

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1185
p. 127 (top)

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1186

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1187

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Studio: The Painter and His Model), 1937
Pencil on blue paper, 18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1188
p. 127 (bottom)

Study for *L'atelier: le peintre et son modèle* (The Painter and His Model): Arm Holding a Sickle and a Hammer, 1937
Pen and India ink on paper,
18 × 28 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1190
p. 111

Guernica, 1937
Oil on canvas, 349.3 × 776.6 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00050
pp. 140–141

Composition Study [I]:
Sketch for *Guernica* (I), 1937
Pencil on paper, 20.9 × 26.9 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00053

Composition Study [III]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Wash and pencil on paper,
21 × 26.8 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00055

Composition Study [VI]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil on paper, 24.7 × 45.7 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00063
p. 116 (top)

Horse and Mother with Dead
Child: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil on paper, 24 × 45.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00064
p. 116 (middle)

Mother with Dead Child [I]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and ink on paper,
24 × 45.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00065
p. 116 (bottom)

Mother with Dead Child on
Ladder [I]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil on paper, 45.3 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00067
p. 117

Mother with Dead Child on
Ladder [II]: Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and crayon on paper,
45.7 × 24.4 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00071
p. 125

Woman's Head [I]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and crayon on paper,
45.4 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00072

Mother with Dead Child [II]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and crayon on paper,
23.9 × 45.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00075
p. 130

Woman's Head (II):
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and gouache on paper,
29 × 23.2 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00078

Study for Weeping Head [I]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and gouache on paper,
29.2 × 23.1 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00079

Study for Weeping Head [II]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and gouache on paper,
29.2 × 23.2 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00080
p. 122

Weeping Head [I]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and gouache on paper,
23 × 29 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00081

Man Falling.
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and gouache on paper,
23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00082

Mother with Dead Child [III]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00083
p. 119 (top)

Mother with Dead Child [IV]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.1 × 29.2 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00084
p. 119 (bottom)

Weeping Head [II]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00085

Weeping Head [III]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00087

Study for Weeping Head [I]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00088

Study for a Weeping Head [II]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00089

Study for a Weeping Head [III]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 23.2 × 29.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00090

Composition Study [VII]:
Sketch for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil on paper, 24 × 45.3 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00120

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State I], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-002

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State II], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 28 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-004

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State III], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper
24 × 30 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-005

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State IV], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-007

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State V], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-008

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State VI], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01333-002

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State VI], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-010

Dora Maar
(Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Photo Report of the Evolution
of *Guernica* [State VII], 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper,
18 × 24 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01331-011

Weeping Head [IV]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and gouache on paper,
29.1 × 23.2 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00094
p. 134

Weeping Head [V]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 29 × 23 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00095
p. 129 (bottom left)

Weeping Head [VI]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, gouache, and crayon
on paper, 29.1 × 23.1 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00096
p. 129 (bottom right)

Weeping Head [VII]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, tempera, and gouache
on paper, 11.8 × 8.8 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00097
p. 132

Weeping Head with Handkerchief
[II]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil and ink on paper,
15.2 × 11.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00098

Weeping Head with Handkerchief
[I]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Ink on paper, 25.3 × 17.1 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00099
p. 133

Weeping Head [VIII]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Ink and pencil on paper,
90.1 × 58.4 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00100
p. 128

Weeping Woman's Head with
Handkerchief [I]: Postscript
for *Guernica*, 1937
Oil on canvas, 55 × 46 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00101
p. 135

Mother with Dead Child [I]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Pencil, crayon, and oil on canvas,
55 × 46 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00102
p. 129 (top left)

Weeping Woman's Head [I]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Oil, pencil, and crayon on canvas,
55 × 46 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00103
p. 129 (top right) and cover

Mother with Dead Child [II]:
Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Oil on canvas, 130 × 195 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00104
p. 131

Weeping Woman's Head with
Handkerchief [II]: Postscript for
Guernica, 1937
Oil and ink on paper, 55 × 46 cm
Museo Nacional Centro
de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00105
p. 136

Weeping Woman's Head with Handkerchief [II]: Postscript for *Guernica*, 1937
Oil on canvas, 92 × 73 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
DE00106
p. 137

Studies for *La femme qui pleure* (The Weeping Woman), 1937
Pen and India ink on paper, 25.5 × 17.9 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1193
p. 106

Studies of Tears, 1937
Pen and ink on verso envelope, 20.5 × 16.6 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1194

Figure de femme inspirée par la guerre d'Espagne (Figure of a Woman Inspired by the War of Spain), 1937
Oil on canvas, 38 × 46 cm
Private collection
p. 143

Figure, 1937
Pencil on paper, 40.2 × 31.5 cm
Guillermo de Osma, Madrid
p. 144

Dora Maar (Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Picasso in the rue des Grands-Augustins Studio Working on *Guernica*, 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper, 20.7 × 20 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01329
p. 3

Dora Maar (Henriette Theodora Markovitch)
Picasso in the rue des Grands-Augustins Studio Working on *Guernica*, 1937
Gelatin silver print on paper, 20.1 × 21.5 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01328
p. 9

Josep Lluís Sert, Luis Lacasa
Spanish Pavilion Model for the Paris International Exhibition of 1937, 1937/1978
Wood, copper thread, plaster, plastic, acetate, methacrylate, and painting, 50 × 96 × 96 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
AS06432

La crucifixion (The Crucifixion), 1938
Pen and India ink on paper, 44.2 × 67.1 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP1210
p. 98

Femme assise dans un fauteuil (Dora Maar) (Woman Sitting in an Armchair [Dora Maar]), 1938
Oil on canvas, 188.5 × 129.5 cm
Fondation Beyeler, Riehen/Basel, Beyeler Collection
95.5
p. 175

Buste de femme au chapeau rayé (Bust of a Woman with a Striped Hat), 1939
Tempera on hardboard, 81 × 54 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP180

Femme assise dans un fauteuil gris (Woman Seated in a Gray Armchair), 1939
Oil on canvas, 130 × 97 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
DE01358

Trois têtes de mouton (Three Lamb's Heads), 1939
Oil on canvas, 65 × 89 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
AD01716
p. 158

Femme se coiffant (Woman Dressing Her Hair), 1940
Oil on canvas, 130.1 × 97.1 cm
The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Louise Reinhardt Smith Bequest, 1995
788.1995
p. 162

Femme en gris et blanc (Woman in Gray and White), 1941
Oil on canvas, 117 × 89 cm
Almine and Bernard Ruiz-Picasso Foundation for the Arts
p. 179

Femme au chapeau assise dans un fauteuil (Woman with a Hat Sitting in an Armchair), 1941–42
Oil on canvas, 130.5 × 97.5 cm
Kunstmuseum Basel
G1967.3
p. 181

La femme à l'artichaut (Woman with Artichoke), 1942
Oil on hardboard, 195 × 130 cm
Museum Ludwig, Cologne
p. 180

Femme au chapeau (Woman with a Hat), 1942
Oil on canvas, 73 × 60 cm
LaM, Lille Métropole, Musée d'art moderne, d'art contemporain et d'art brut, Villeneuve d'Ascq
979.4.116
p. 174

Nature morte au crâne de bœuf (Still Life with a Bull's Skull), 1942
Oil on canvas, 130 × 97 cm
Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen
p. 157

Nature morte (Still Life), 1942
Oil on canvas, 89 × 116 cm
Würth Collection, Germany
9222
p. 156

Buste de femme (Bust of a Woman), 1943
Oil on canvas, 104.7 × 85.9 cm
Collection Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven
387
p. 177

Buste de femme sur fond gris (Bust of a Woman on a Gray Background), 1943
Oil on canvas, 116 × 89 cm
Anthax Collection Marx, permanent loan Fondation Beyeler
DL.15.9
p. 178

Crâne et pichet (Skull and Pitcher), 1943
Oil on canvas, 45.9 × 55 cm
Musée d'art moderne de Céret, France
MAMC1991.0271
p. 160 (middle)

Nature morte au pot et au crâne (Still Life with Pot and Skull), 1943
Oil on canvas, 54 × 65 cm
Nahmad Collection, Switzerland
PP3098
p. 160 (top)

Tête de femme (Head of a Woman), 1944
Oil on canvas, 92 × 73 cm
Anthax Collection Marx, permanent loan Fondation Beyeler
DL.15.19
p. 176

Tête de mort, poireaux et cruche (Skull, Leeks, and Pitcher), 1945
Oil on canvas, 73 × 116 cm
Private collection
13058
p. 161 (top)

Nature morte au crâne, poireaux et pichet (Still Life with Skull, Leeks, and Pitcher), 1945
Oil on canvas, 73.6 × 116.6 cm
Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, Museum purchase, Whitney Barren Jr. Bequest Fund in memory of Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, Grover A. Magnin Bequest Fund, Roscoe and Margaret Oakes Income Fund and Bequest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Hellman by exchange
1992.1
p. 161 (bottom)

Nature morte au crâne, livre et lampe à pétrole (Vanité) (Still Life with Skull, Book, and Kerosene Lamp [Vanity]), 1946
Oil on plywood, 54 × 65 cm
Jacqueline Picasso donation, 1990. Deposited since November 12, 1990:
Musée des Beaux-Arts de Lyon (Lyon)
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP 1990-22
p. 160 (bottom)

Monument aux espagnols morts pour la France (Monument to the Spaniards who Died for France), 1946–47
Oil on canvas, 195 × 130 cm
Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía
AS11273
p. 159

Crâne de chèvre, bouteille et bougie (Goat's Skull, Bottle, and Candle), 1952
Oil on canvas, 89 × 116 cm
Pablo Picasso donation, 1979
Musée national Picasso-Paris
MP206

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